

CHEATING THE COLT.

With forehead star and silver tail,
And three white feet to match,
The gray, half-broken sorrel colt,
Which one of us could catch?

"I can," said Dick; "I'm good for that,"
Heasly shook his empty hat.

"She'll think 'tis full of corn," said he;
"Stand back, and she will come to me."

Her head the shy, proud creature raised
As 'mid the daisy flowers she grazed;

Then down the hill, across the brook,
Delaying off, he way she took;

Then changed her pace, and moving quick,
She hurried on, and came to Dick.

"Ha! Ha!" he cried, "I've caught you, Beck!"
And put the halter round her neck.

But soon there came another day,
And, eager for a ride—

"I'll go and catch the colt again,"
I can," said Dick, with pride.

So up the stony pasture lane,
And up the hill he trudged again;

And then he saw the colt, as slow
He shook his old hat to and fro.

"She'll think 'tis full of corn," he thought;
"And I shall have her quickly caught."

Beck! Beck!" he called, and at the sound
The restless beauty looked around.

Then made a quick, impatient turn,
And galloped off among the fern.

And when beneath a tree she stopped,
And leisurely some clover cropped,

Dick followed after, but in vain;
His hand was just upon her mane.

When off she flew as flies the wind,
And, panting, he pressed on behind.

Down through the brake, the brook across,
O'er bushes, thistles, mounds of moss;

Round and round the place they passed,
Till, breathless, Dick sank down at last;

Threw by, provoked, the empty hat—
"The colt," he said, "remembers that!"

There's always trouble from deceit,
I'll never try again to cheat!

THE SINGER AND THE SONG.

"For sale: One family ghost, with
big bones and plenty of them—spiritual
outfit complete! Answers to the
name of Joel Cardeck, and can besen
any midnight on the Boxleigh hedge-
road with its head tucked under its
arms, and—what did you say it was
doing last night, George, dear?"

"Pointing at its throat like this,"
illustrates young George, placidly,
and moaning—so—like a dog tied."

"I don't see what more could be ex-
pected of any ancestor," goes on Anne,
practically. "And as the public ought
to be pretty tired by this time of misty
maidens in Swiss muslin and feathers,
and moldy old male spirits who do
nothing but prowl around and smell
bad, I should think our enterprising
Joel might bring his weight in gold,
and if only there were chains—you are
dead sure you heard no phantom chains
whose clanking melody sounded like
the laughter of fiends in hellish glee,
George, dear?"

"It might have been only bones,"
ventures George, cautiously, "but it
sounded like chains, rusty ones, all
over blood, and the smell was just—
brimstone!"

"Young people," I observed, impos-
singly, "if you really appreciated the
disastrous condition of the house of
Cardeck, you would not—"

"Spare us!" implores Anne, who is
lying in a pink gingham heap under
the willows, with her arms doubled
like a jack-knife over her eyes. "We
have had Geoffrey Cardeck with our
daily bread now, until I am absolutely
pining for him to take us by the back
of our necks and fling us out, by way
of a pleasant change. Ain't you,
George, dear?"

"I won't have any meddling with
my neck," though," announced the
young heathen, who is sprawled out on
a crust of bank, with his brown legs
dangling over the spring stream.

"We are not a pack of thieves, I
hope, in spite of our looks," continues
my sister, in most objectionably virtu-
ous tones. "And if Boxleigh really
and truly does belong to the interloping
Geoff—"

"Boxleigh does not belong to Geof-
frey Cardeck," I cry, in a gust of con-
tradiction, "merely because the will is
missing—"

"But there was no will, Janet; re-
member how suddenly poor Uncle Joe
was called away—"

"Don't tell me! Do you suppose
for one minute that Uncle Joe was
the sort of a man to willfully die of
vertigo, and then go to heaven in cold
blood before protecting us from want,
when he knew that Geoffrey Cardeck
would be down on us like a hawk—"

"All right," assents my sister, rising
and stretching her long young arms;
"have it your own way, lady; only,
as I helped to ransack the house from
garret to cellar and then clean back
again, you will have to excuse me for
keeping my opinion for my pains. I
tell you, Janet, we might as well make
up our minds to be grateful to Geof-
frey Cardeck for allowing us to live
here these last two years—unless we
can auction off George's ghost and
buy the old place in."

That is just like Anne, winding up
our daily arguments with a distract-
ing sort of cruelty that makes me long
beyond all things to shake her hard!

"And I tell you," I exclaim, savagely,
"that I mean to fight his right here
every step of the way. You sub-
mit. I do not. Alone as I am, with-
out one friend—"

"Dar's a big white yangel by yo' side a
fo'yn,"
"N' he's wings am de colah ob de dawn,"

"Uncle Gab'l must think himself a
real brown robin," laughs Anne, gaily,
as the three of us turn to watch him
shuffling down the thread of path that
winds from a cabin on the hill top to
the spring:

"N' of yo' got a bird'n you a tired ob a
fo'yn,"
"Dar's a big white yangel by yo' side a
fo'yn,"

"Mawain, chil'n, mawain!" Pears
see me dis yar spring am des' de
coolest spot on de whole fahm—"pears
see me so!"

A gaunt, shriveled old creature,
with a face as brown as a cocoanut
and a temper as sweet as its milk
flapping trousers of faded blue cotton,
and a wilted shirt as white as curd,
—that is Uncle Gab'l as he sets his tub
on the shady stones and dips his gourd
in the spring.

"Uncle Gab'l," straightway begins
Anne, with malice aforethought—"I
see it in her eyes. "Do you believe
George saw the ghost last night, do
you?"

"A chile dat trows stones at de
frawg dat keeps de spring sweet," he
answers, slowly, fishing from the
patched depths of his pocket a gor-
geous thing in bandanas, with which
he mops his face, "am gwine ter see
wus'n goes, fo' he's done; you heah
me!"

"Of course, you have seen it," she
goes on, suggestively, for Anne dearly
loves to wheedle the old soul out of
his stock of stories.

"Des es plain I see you all chiler'n
sottin' heah—down in dat clump o'
cedars by de bresh fence—now des
watch dat 'dicus frawg, hoppin' so
oneasy like, same's ef I wasn't o'le
frens with ebery spot on his back. I
clar, Marse Gawge, honey—"

"Oh, Uncle Gab'l," comes the pa-
thetic interruption, "do give the thing
time to get over its jumps, and tell us
about the ghost; please do!"

"It takes a monus long time, chile,"
he says, uneasily. "N' de ole 'oman's
a waitin' twel I fotches her de water.
Yo' Aunt Ria's done got mos' p'tic'lar
wib yo' po' Uncle Gab'l, chil'n, caws-
he's so o'ed dat she cawn't trus'n him
out'n her s'ght—deed cawn't she."

He seems rather proud of this dis-
astrous state of affairs, and in spite of
Anne's protests pours gourd after
gourd of water in his tub till it trickles
down its cool, dark sides; then swing-
ing it to his head with a mighty
grunt is tottering up the path again,
when something in Anne's face—such
a pretty face it is, with buttercup hair
and cheeks like the little pink flowers
that grow in the wheat—prompts me
to keep Aunt Ria waiting.

"Uncle Gab'l," I call after him, "I
see your tobacco looks ready to cut—"
"Deed am it," The bla' k face flashes
into a chile de a he turns it cautiously
—tub and all—toward me. "Ise
monus feard Ise got de bes' crop o'
ba ca of any man dar roun'. Ise
been 'low'n to de Lawd dis long time
dat de ole 'oman's hopes was sot on a
two h'shead crap, and dat dar was
debts 'nuf fur ter eat up es many
groun' I leaves es. He please himsel
to gib me 'thout countin' the par o' sh'es
er piece we'm oblegged ter buy—n'
spe'n He gwine ter heah my prar,
Miss Janet, honey. I trus'n in his
word, an' I turns de turkeys in de field
reg'l'r to eat de wurms—n' I spe'n de
Lawd gwine ter heah ole Gab'l's prar!"

"I wish, then, you would pray for
Boxleigh," I say, with laughing irrever-
ence, and I am very properly
ashamed of myself when he sets his
tub on the grass and answers, simply:

"I duz pray, honey. I prays hard'n
I sings. Look at me, chil'n," he goes
on, turning around so that we can get
the full benefit of the patches that
make up his shabby outlines, "des'
look at yo' o'le Uncle Gab'l a standin'
heah wib his wool mos' white 'n' he's
skin as black es pisin'! You knows he
cawn't read de Gawsel. You sees fo'
yo' own se'f dat he g'es bar' foot ob a
Sunday in summertime, 'n' dat he's
chil'n 'm nudin' but a passle ob rusty
younguns! Now, whar would I be ef
I d'dn't believe in prar? Don't I trus'n
his promise ter wash me whiter'n
snow? Don't I know Ise gwine ter
hew wings ob gold'n fadders 'n' a yarp?
Now, min' what I done t'ake yo, ef so
be de Lawd gwine ter t'ake the time,
'n' trouble to shins up a wuf's ole
critter wifout a cent in he's pocket 'n'
owes fur de lan' he libson, why mount'n
He do as much for fus' class wh'ite
folks chil'n's like you'm be—dat's de
ques'hon I'm axin' you, Miss Janet,
honey, 'n' now whars de answer ter
match?"

Emphatically there is none! There
is such a wealth of belief in his homely
words, such a pathetic faith in the re-
ligion he has picked up in his simple
ways, that I can say absolutely
nothing!

"I guess grandpa used to pray
hard," mentions Anne, with the most
startling innocence, considering she
knows, as well as the rest of the
county, that Ignatius Cardeck was as
wicked as mankind comes.

Uncle Gab'l, who has settled his tub
on his head again, pauses, puts it back
on the grass for the second time, and
says, impressively:

"Mos' folks sot'n Marse Nace down
far reg'l'r Belzebub, but he had his
pints 'n' dey was good pints. Lawd!
you all chil'n ain't seen nuf'n—you
de'er lib'd o' de wah! Dem wus de
times fur Boxleigh; you alls ain't up
ter de tricks ob dis yar 'ceitful ole
place, caws Marse Joe was allus des
es peaceful es a little chile, Gawd in
Heben bless 'm! But when Marse
Nace afore him settled hiself down
ter badness, he des' uster make his ole
fahm as lively, chil'n, es a fox a racin'
thro' the woods wib he heah's tail on
fish—now min' I'm a talk'n! I was
to'n de ole 'owam des last night, dat
ebry time I heah the squinch-owls
a-hollerin' it allus sots me stedy'n' oh
de night Marse Nace got clar out'n
he's senses 'n' staked Missie Rose on de
keard board—dar's wuf's ole squinch-
owl up in de pines yander—"

I, even I, Janet Cardeck, with my
vengeful heart and steady purpose,
have so far forgotten my wrongs for
the minute that I watch as breath-
lessly as Anne, while Uncle Gab'l
stretched suspiciously toward the
tub—takes a long drink from the
brown gourd that bobs on its surface
—and then settling his ole bones com-
fortably on the grass, goes on:

"Dat squinches perzactly like de
squinch-owl dat squinched de night
Marse Nace cawsed de squinch-owl,
perzactly! It was des er 'bout dis
time o' de yar, craps was growin' mad
all de same's weeds, 'n' de sun com-

down hot 'n' yaller on a pass'l o' black
critters Marse Nace called him own.
Dar neber breved a Cardeck in my
time, chil'n, dat eber raised a lash or
sold a 'oman, 'n' dar wusn't a slave in
Marse Nace's but what lub'd de ground
he walked on, des de same's ole Gab'l
lubs you all chil'n's heah. Well'm, de
house was chuk full o' down gem'm
down fur de fish'n an' delikes, 'n' in de
lot was a stranger pus'n come from
clar 'cross de seis somewhars, 'n' de
minute he sot'n lies eyes on little
Missie Rose 'pears like he couldn't
rize'n o'n' her, nowise—dat's yo' maw
I'm tolin you 'bout, chil'n, yo' own
maw dat bawnd you. She wus'er
purty little critter, like de posies in
de gadhen and de robins in de tree, 'n'
des es full of good es a Christmas
stock'n, but she had her ways, mind
you, 'n' one o' em wus ter up'n hate
dat English'man wus'n a bush'l of
snakes. Bumby the gemmin' arx Marse
Nace fur ter let he marry her. Marse
Nace he laff'n say, 'All right,' Missie
Rose she spunk up 'n' say 'No.' Den
'long cum young Marse Gawge, a ridin'
to cote Missie Rose, an' she 'lows ter
her paw dat she means to marry her
cousin or die in de tempt—cose Marse
Nace gib in lubin 'nuff arter dat,
caws dar warn't morn' a top side o'
badness on his heart, de roots wuz all
right, 'n' he let dat English'man huff
his se'f off quick, now I tell you. But
des'er 'bout de time o' de wed'n heah
he cum ridin' back es quick es life, an'
—it's a fac I'm toln you, chil'n—
Marse Nace he sot'n hissef down at dat
'er keard board—arter I kin' ebery
head o' nigguh on de fahm 'n' Boxleigh
in de barg'n—dat English'r say, so
cous'n, put Missie Rose up 'n' mebbe
he win 'em all back ag'n—see! Fus'
yo' granpaw look'd same's a thunder-
clap soun's, den he cus'n cus, 'n' de
squinch-owl out'n de bushes he squinch
'n' squinch—den Marse Nace threw de
caws on de table 'n' holler out, 'I am
de las' thing in de worl' dat's lef' me,
so—"

"But he neber spilled he's mouf wib
de rest ob it, honey, fur de black crit-
ter dat was'er waitin' on de gem'n laid
his paw on de keards and say:

"Marse Nace, honey, ain't you clean
forgot me?"

"Get out'n my sight," bawls yo'
granpaw, 'or I'll brain yer, do you
heah?"

"Yes, Marse, I heah you," said dat
wuf's critter, 'but I cawn't star' roun'
'n' see little Missie Rose sot up wus'n
a slave. When I s'bed yo' life on de
Mississippi you gib me my freedom
for pay, but if dem paper's gwine ter
stan' 'tween Missie Rose 'n' shame, why
—heah I is, Marse Nace, honey, yo'
own slave, safe 'n' soun'."

"An', chil'n, dat fellow he jump
clar 'cross de room to de little drawer
under de mantel where Marse Nace
lem his free papers stay, 'n' he tored
'em up 'n' he flung the scraps on de
flo'!"

"And did he play, and did he win?"
cries Anne, in a gust of excitement.

"Did he win?" exclaimed the old
creature, with a superi'r sort of
chuckle. "Cose he wins!" You all
neber see de likes o' dat pusson for
luck, ef 'twor tree'n 'possums or trap-
pin' har's or cotin' or anything—cose
he win'd!"

"And what was his name?"
"Gab'l—Gab'l!"

"Hi, chil'n, dars de ole 'oman 'v'in'
up dis water she sent me ter fetch—
Comin', comin'!"

"But, Uncle Gab'l, wait. Who was
it?"
"Gab'l—Gab'l!"

"Don't get de ole man a lan'min,
chil'n, fur de Lawd's sake! De ole
'oman's a monus tuff han' at a fus'n
—comin', Ria chile, comin'—comin'.
Dar's a big white yangel by yo' side a
fo'yn, 'n' he's wings am de color ob de
dawn."

We are dawdling along the shady
footpath to the house, when George,
who has rolled out from his grassy
nest and scamp'ed off a good ten min-
utes before us, comes tearing back like
mad with a square of white paper—the
will!

And just to think, with all my clev-
erness, I never once thought of the lit-
tle drawer under the mantel!

My only comfort is that Anne did
not either!

About Mackinaw Hats.

Taking up a white, lustrous straw
hat with a broad brim and rather shal-
low crown, the dealer handed it to the
scribe and said:

"This hat is all the rage this season.
We sell more of them than of any other
style. It is a Mackinaw braid, the
crown is three inches and a half deep,
and the brim is two and a half wide.
The crown, you will notice, is rounded
at the top, while the style of last year
was square. These hats are standard,
and never go out of fashion. The form
may change a little from year to year,
but the change is very slight. The
tendency this year is to a broader brim
and a shallower crown. We sell these
hats from St. Paul to Galveston, and
from ocean to ocean."

"Where are they made?" said the
reporter.

"They are made in the East. The
straw is grown in Canada mostly. It
is grown and cared for in some pecu-
lar way known only to the natives. It
is the straw of some grain, I am unable
to say what; but in curing and prepp-
ing the straw no attention is paid to
the grain, which is entirely lost. The
rich factor that this straw pos-esses is
due to the method of curing as much
as to the nature of the straw itself.
The people of Canada and the northern
lake regions who cultivate this particu-
lar straw generally braid it themselves
and bring it to market in the form of
large balls of braid. In this way they
sell it. Detroit is the largest market
for it. Eastern hat manufacturers buy
it in that market and make it into
hats. Thus, you see, although it is an
American manufacture, yet it passes
through many hands before it reaches
the retailer."—St. Louis Post-Dis-
patch.

A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

ACCOUNT OF A REPORTER'S VISIT TO
ONE IN NEW YORK.

The Food Which Was Provided—A Chinese
Store and Its Odd Contents—Oriental
Harpies.

Accompanied by Wong Chin Foo,
the editor of the *Chinese-American*, pub-
lished in New York, a San reporter
has made a tour of the Chinese quar-
ters in Mott street. We pull from the
reporter's long description of the var-
ious curious things witnessed this ac-
count of his visit to a Chinese restau-
rant:

Tom Lee, who, though no longer a
deputy sheriff, remains a Christian,
and a wealthy man, has moved his
family into an uptown dwelling, and
has established a restaurant where he
used to live, over his cigar store. After
the San Francisco fashion, he has built
a balcony out from the second-stor-
y window, roofed it over, and hung big
and gorge ous lanterns from the roof.

Mr. Wong led the reporter up a pair
of ladderlike stairs, such as Caucasians
mount into their garrets by, into a big,
dirty, hot room. A few pine tables and
rough chairs and stools stood about,
and through an open door were seen
blue-bloused Celestials pottering with
kettles, chopping blocks and flour, and
dancing attendance upon a great range,
over which was suspended a huge,
smoke begrimmed, inverted iron fun-
nel, evidently designed to carry off the
smells that nevertheless filled the next
room. Mr. Wong had what appeared
to be a violent altercation with the ma-
nuals in the kitchen, though it proved
that he was merely explaining that he
wanted a dinner for himself and the
reporter.

The dinner began with a plate of
peanut candy, iced fruit cake, a plate
of biscuits stuffed with baked nuts,
and some very delicious tea—the leaves
being put in the cups and the tea
being brewed by pouring hot water on
the leaves and letting saucers over
the cups. Chop sticks, which are
merely ebony sticks twice as long and
half as thick again as lead pencils,
were served in place of knives and forks.

They are very easily managed, and with
a china scoop, such as the Chinamen
use in place of a spoon, and chopped
food, which is the rule, a Caucasian
can eat as rapidly and easily with them
as with a knife and fork. Three dishes,
that seemed to be as many varieties of
Irish stew, were next brought on. One
stew was principally made up of beef,
young bamboo, potatoes and bay leaves;
another appeared to be chicken, mush-
rooms and boiled onions. The third had
boiled duck and rock moss for its prin-
cipal constituents. The duck and
chicken had been chopped up, skin,
bones and all, and each of the stews
floated in very rich and greasy gravy.

Next came a dish of boiled fish, chopped
up, skin, bones and all, and mixed
with pickled onions.

The grease, the rich pastry, the
candy and the nuts led the reporter to
suspect that he had discovered why
drugs in great quantities are displayed
in all the stores.

"Do the Chinese ever have dyspep-
sia?"

"All of them do," said Mr. Wong.
Wine of a thousand fruits was served
in teacups as small as eggshells, out
of a beautiful bric-a-brac flask. It was
stronger than Roosevelt street whisky,
and seemed to ignite on its way down
the throat. The first cup of tea was
too strong, the second brewing was
too strong, the third was strong, the
fourth was just right, and the seventh
was pleasant. Nothing more was
brought to the table, but in the four
bowls was food for twenty persons.

A saucer of sooy—a condiment like
Worcestershire sauce, but very salt—
was recommended as an aid to diges-
tion, and a curious pickle of dried
fruits, spices, peppers and vinegar ap-
peared with the fish.

Other Chinamen sat at the other
tables and ate in silence. Mr. Wong
said that it is a rule that those who
dine must not jest, curse or, in fact,
talk much at all, until the close of the
meal. Chinamen who can afford it
spend four or five hours at the table.

After meals they partake of strong
drink, and accompany it by a singular
pastime. One diner shouts to his vi-
s-a-vis any number that occurs to him,
at the same instant holding up a num-
ber of fingers, the number of fingers
differing from the number spoken.

For instance, he calls out "six" and
hold up three fingers. The other man
at the same instant goes through the
same formula, holding up a chance
number of fingers and calling out
whatever number under ten occurs to
him. If either has happened to name
the sum of the two sets of fingers thus
held up he loses, and pays for the
other one's drink. Thus, if he calls
ten and holds up two fingers, and the
other calls five and exhibits three
fingers, the second man wins, and the
first one drinks at his expense. Both
must speak at once, however, an
instant before the fingers are shown.

Mr. Wong declares that there is in
this game the very essence of friend-
ship.

In Tom Lee's other store, after the
dinner, the reporter saw tea costing
various prices between eighty cents
and \$7 a pound, and put up in all sorts
of gorgeous packages. There were also
Chinese banjos and fiddles hung in the
show-cases, and strings of Chinese
coins, boxes of delicate scales for
weighing gold, stores of moss and bam-
boo for Mott street tables, and rice,
ginger and all the other Chinese ed-
ibles noted in the other stores were
heaped upon the floor and on the
shelves. Mr. Wong pointed out some
curious little white brushes suspended
between and attached to two thin
blades of whalebone. He said they
were tooth brushes and mouth washers,
and added that every Chinaman, every
morning before he eats or speaks to
anybody, brushes his teeth, rinses his
mouth, and then with the whalebones
scrapes his tongue clean. Mr. Wong
said that his fellow countrymen are

also especially particular with their
feet, and wash them every night before
retiring.

"Mott street is a wicked place,"
said Mr. Wong, in bidding his guest
good-by. "It is the headquarters of the
Chinese, and they flock to it when-
ever they get a chance; but when they
come to it they are met by a band of
gamblers, and even worse people, who
cause them to part with all their sav-
ings in no time. There is no use ap-
pointing a Chinese policeman, as
has been proposed. No Chinaman
would take the post, and if one
should he would be killed, so jeal-
ously would the others be. But there
ought to be in Mott street some Chin-
aman so secretly paid to help the police
in ridding the colony of those who prey
upon it."

Disappearance of Diseases.

We have all been surprised, says the
Yonkers Companion, that malarial fever,
after having disappeared from New
England for nearly two centuries,
should return again to it with its old-
time vigor. Formerly leprosy was
known to us mainly through the Bible;
now it is not a stranger even to our
own land.

At the present day gout is a com-
mon disease only in England. It was
once common throughout Europe; and
the skeletons dug from the ashes of
Pompeii show that the Romans were
familiar with its torments.

Few persons away from our larger
seaports ever saw a case of typhus
fever; but once its deadly ravages were
not by any means rare among us.
Diphtheria seems to us a new disease;
but the most ancient medical writers
describe it in terms exactly applicable
to it now.

Among the modern Turks is a deadly
disease that begins with fever,
followed soon by a profuse sweating
and complete prostration, often result-
ing in death within a few hours. In
the beginning of the sixteenth century
this same disease prevailed in England
five or six times, carrying off over thirty
thousand victims. Queen Anne Boleyn
was attacked by it, but recovered to
fall by the ax. Cardinal Wolsey had
four attacks of it. Henry VIII. shifted
his court from place to place to escape
it. It was then largely limited to Eng-
land, and was known abroad as "The
English Sweat." That there was a
cause for it is plain from the manner
in which Erasmus wrote to Wolsey:

"Chambers built in such a way as to
admit of no ventilation, floors laid with
white clay, and covered rushes, occasion-
ally removed, but so imperfectly that
the bottom layer is left undisturbed
sometimes for twenty years, harboring
expectorations, vomitings, ale-dropp-
ings, scraps of fish, and other abomi-
nations not fit to be mentioned."

The *Boston Medical and Surgical
Journal* adds: "The narrow streets
were the receptacles for all garbage,
while the surface sewers slowly rolled
their contents toward an already pol-
luted river." Here were the sources
of this disease; but cleanliness and
better habits of living have caused its
disappearance.

An Emperor's Dilemma.

The emperor of China, young as he
is, has already to maintain some seven-
ty women on his establishment in vari-
ous capacities, and like any other gen-
tleman who has ladies under his pro-
tection, the duty devolves on him of
clothing them. This would be a com-
paratively easy task were the fair ones
of a reasonable turn of mind. But,
unhappily for the brother of the sun
and the moon, their extravagance is
pronounced to be beyond all bounds.

Two hundred and fifty thousand taels,
which is more than one-half the land
tax of the empire, were expended last
year in silk, satin, gauze, velvet, re-
l and got papers, and pearls. It is said
that the dress, which is in possession
of an empress, was covered last year
with three pearls worked in so peculiar
a fashion as to have cost a fabulous
sum. With respect to this robe there
are great scorings of heart. The em-
press is aged, though the dress is
new. If she die, according to custom
it must be burned, supposing it to be
in her possession at the time of her
death. She refuses to part with it,
and the idea of this wastefulness,
coupled with the necessary great ex-
penditure in the coming year, troubles
the owner of the vermilion pencil ex-
ceedingly.

A Singular Circumstance.

The recent death of Mrs. Catharine
Moor and Miss Lucky Lakenan in
Louisville, at almost the same instant,
was a singular circumstance, consider-
ing their intimacy for many years.

They were such devoted and insepar-
able friends that it was commonly
taken for granted by those who did
not know them but saw them con-
stantly together, that they were mother
and daughter. They were taken ill at
the same time, each in her own house.

At 8 o'clock in the morning Miss
Lakenan came out of the stupor in
which she had been lying, and saying:
"Mrs. Moore is dead and I am going
too," sank into unconsciousness again

A FLIGHT IN THE AIR.

A CHILD'S THRILLING BALLOON ADVENTURE.

The Little One Tied to an Airy Toy by a North Carolinian and Carried Far Out to Sea—Pursued by Sail.

A thrilling episode which occurred recently in Morehead City, N. C., caused more excitement, consternation and weeping among the people than were ever known there before. A correspondent says: The three-year-old daughter of Mrs. Robert Elliott was brought to the seaside a month ago to recover from a severe attack of Texas fever. She became a pet and favorite at the Alabama hotel. Yesterday morning a strolling Italian made his appearance in front of the hotel with a large cluster of those red bladder-like balloons. Major Hawkins, of Alabama, to amuse the child Birdie, who he, at that time, had in his arms, tied the cord around her waist, and then, as is often done to amuse children, gave her a toss of five or six feet in the air and held out his hands for her return. "Great God! she is gone," cried the major, as he saw her rapidly going up, up, up, until she had passed the housetops. Floating in the clouds with outstretched hands, the little angel could be heard distinctly calling "Mamma! mamma! mamma!" until her voice became drowned by the whistling of the winds.

"All to your boats!" shouted old Captain Dixon, "and never a son of a man turn back until that child is brought to its mamma!" "I, I," responded six of as brave and daring boatmen as ever reefed a sail, and all with boats seaworthy for any waters. Minutes appeared as hours, and the babe was flying southeast like a kite, and would be out over the great Atlantic ocean in less than no time. Away went twenty or more well-manned boats amid the shouts of men and screams of women and children. These boats were joined by a like number from Beaufort, all of which kept as near under the little angel in the cloud as possible. Mr. Charles J. Moorhees, of the Southern Express company, with a party of gentlemen, were out taking a sail. Mr. Voorhees is one of the most expert riders in the country, and, as Providence had ordained it, he had on board his Smith & Wesson rifle. He at once took in the situation, remarking: "Six miles out at sea and going at the rate of ten miles an hour, and now 400 yards high, and every minute going higher, higher, higher! I can cut those balloons, and will do it or die. Steady the boat, throw her leeward of the squadron, 'Squire Wade!"

"Let us all join in prayer before he shoots," said Steve Turner, the colored minister and mail carrier. By this time the boat had gotten in position to give her the most protection from the stiff breeze then blowing.

"Now's your time," shouted Piver, "don't you see them two off to themselves?"

"Bang!" went the rifle—but no change in position. Again, again and again—the fifth shot one balloon disappeared amid the shouts of the boatmen. At the eighth shot it became evident that the balloons could no longer carry the weight of the little floating angel, as she was gradually descending, not in a straight line, but in a southeast direction toward Harker's Island—but whether dead or alive none could tell. Down, down down she comes—as gentle as if handled by human hands—and to fall into a cradle of sand.

To land, to land, and all put to shore as fast as the sails would propel the boat. Before they reached land most of them jumped overboard and waded ashore. Then began the race for the babe, and she had come down on a sand-bank only a few hundred yards distant. With fear and trembling all ran up—Ben Piver in front. "Gentlemen," says he, "she's alive and kicking." There sat little Birdie playing with a lot of shells, and as she was picked up she clung on to a handful, saying, "Dese sels for mamma."

With the prize all returned to the boats. There sat Mr. Voorhees with a death-like pallor on his countenance, and when told that he had saved the babe unhurt, his tender heart gave way and he wept like a child. "All aboard and back to Morehead!" shouts Captain Dixon. The boats were rapidly gotten under way, and each wanted to be the first to convey the glad tidings, but they all ran near together, with hats and handkerchiefs flying, amid the cheers and screams of several hundred people.

The excitement of landing surpasses description. At the wharf, after everything seemed safe, then little Birdie came the nearest to losing her life. Colonel Whitford, a man of generous impulse, seized the little angel in his arms and at a lightning-speed started for his mother, who was then lying in an unconscious state, under the skillful care of Drs. Haywood, Arendall and Kelly, of Louisiana. But before the kind-hearted colonel had gone far, amid the dense crowd and confusion, he ran off the wharf into water over eight feet deep. Several jumped overboard and aided him in landing his prize. The child was none the worse for the ducking.

By 4 o'clock Mrs. Elliott became conscious. The guests of the house assembled in the ball-room at 5 p. m. to return thanks to Mr. Voorhees and the noble boatmen, and express condolence and sympathy for Mrs. Elliott. Major Hawkins came forward and made a few remarks, but was too much excited to speak, but, says he, "had that babe been lost my mind was made up—I would have rested to-night with her in the sea." Thus ended a day of the most intense excitement that the oldest inhabitant here ever dreamed or thought of.—Philadelphia Record.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Horse-flesh pie is a well-known dish in Paris. Those who partake of it say it is a palatable dish.

In England it is the custom for the queen to send three pounds sterling (\$14.52) to the mothers of British triplets.

When traveling on a railroad it is said that lying with the head toward the engine will sometimes remove a headache.

Some idea of the national enthusiasm for baseball may be gathered from the statement that in a single Michigan factory 350,000 feet of ash, 25,000 feet of basswood and 50,000 feet of cherry are used.

The Chinese think that white men wear red clothes; have red hair and blue eyes sunk in the head, or vertical or at the back; fatigue themselves on every occasion needlessly, and have the restless curiosity of monkeys.

A remarkable scene occurred recently in the Berlin opera-house. In the midst of the performance one of the violinists became a raving maniac, stood up and shouted for the manager, and was with difficulty removed from his place and quieted with a dose of chloroform.

Between the years 1864 and 1868 218 persons were condemned in Germany to decapitation, and of these twenty-six only were executed. Between 1868 and 1878 no fewer than 428 were condemned, but in no case was the sentence carried out. In the year 1878, however, Hodel was executed for his attempt on the emperor, but in 1879 and 1880 there were no executions. Since 1881 there have been only three.

In the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1755 Mr. H. Bakers, F. R. S., describes the extraordinary case of Edward Lambert, whose skin, with the exception of the inside of his hands and feet-soles, head and face, was covered with excrescences of a wart-like nature and cylindrical in form, rising to the height of about an inch and growing close together at their bases, stiff, but elastic and rustling when touched, which were shed and renewed at intervals more or less regularly in the autumn or winter. New excrescences of a paler color then grew up and supplanted the old ones which fell off. The man's health was generally good. Still more extraordinary is the statement, made on such seeming authority, that each of Lambert's six children had a skin covered in the same way, although at the time Mr. Bakers wrote only one was living, who was publicly exhibited with his father.

A Fable for the Brave.

A fly, observing one day a sheep running with great rapidity into a forest, inquired:

"What is the matter, my friend?"

"Matter enough," panted the sheep.

"Dear fly, in yonder wood there is a lion!"

"Really? and what of that?" returned the fly. "Surely you are not afraid of a lion?"

"And do you indeed not fear him?" gasped the sheep.

"Certainly not; to prove it I will myself enter the wood."

The fly hurried away, and returning after some time, continued:

"You are right, my friend, he is there; but really there is no occasion for fear. I conversed with him for some minutes, and I even flatter myself that it was I who annoyed him. Pray, do not be so very timid!"

At this moment a spider, who had completed her web near by, appeared suddenly on the scene. The fly turned pale, and, without warning, fainted quite away. The spider, seeing him, bore him into her web, whence he never reappeared.

"Alas! my friend," sighed the sheep, as he went on his way, "it is not so much what you are afraid of as it is the being afraid!"

A Jawbreaker.

An officer of the Welsh steam-galley says that a vessel of that line, to be built at Sunderland, has the name of Llansantffraid-glyn-y-wyllog-goch.

"Where did you find that name?"

"It's pure Welsh," he said. "Have you never heard of the Englishman's perfect cure for lockjaw? Here it is printed:

He handed the reporter the following card:

"Is your father at home?" asked an Englishman of a Welsh boy whom he met on the Great Orme's Head, Llandudno. "No, sir; he's gone to work at Llansantffraid-glyn-y-wyllog-goch." "Where did you find that name?"

"It's pure Welsh," he said. "Have you never heard of the Englishman's perfect cure for lockjaw? Here it is printed:

Great Mistakes of Life.

In reality, there is no limit to the mistakes of life; but here are fourteen which are more than ordinarily prominent. It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

A GREAT LUMBER REGION.

TIMBER CUTTING IN THE MILLS OF THE SAGINAW VALLEY.

How a Big Saw Log is Handled—The Gang Saw and its Swift Work—Mechanical Devices of the Industry.

A long while before one reaches Saginaw, Mich., says a New York Evening Post correspondent, the signs of the prevailing industry become apparent. The streams are clogged with old slabs, browned and rotting logs, and chaotic masses of wooden debris from the size of a match up to the huge sawn beam which in some ancient flood has escaped its bonds. In the fields still remain the tree stumps or piles of sawdust a dozen feet high, marking the old site of a sawmill now removed because the material that fed it has been cut away. But all these initial symptoms of the lumber region are eclipsed and forgotten when the Saginaw river is reached and with it the busy center of the industry. For sixteen miles down to Bay City, near Lake Huron, the stream flows between wooden strands. The eye strains itself in vain to see beyond the lumber horizon that stretches east and west. The yellow waters, perhaps two hundred feet wide, pass first between continuous booms, each inclosing its army of giant logs. These booms reach far above Saginaw, and if we include tributaries of the river and count both sides, make up a reach of log posts seventy-five miles long. Next to the logs and on the bank proper rise, most impressive of all, the tracts of sawn lumber. Pile on pile they rise on either side for sixteen miles up and down the stream, covering acre after acre until the wooden monotony becomes oppressive. Now and then the woollen strand becomes thinner only to rise again to more imposing height and width around a new cluster of mills. These mills, often of grand proportions, spring from their lumber heaps as a giant of fairy story looms amid the disintegrated bones of his victims. Their tall iron chimneys belch black smoke, the rattling saws cut the air with their distant rasp, and the sense of industrial activeness is filled out by the hives of workmen swarming over the lumber hills and loading them, by slow but steady toil, into barges whose hulls rival the capacity of a Cunarder.

Along this stretch of sixteen miles of the Saginaw river there are cut annually a billion feet of lumber, and last year the figures went fifty millions higher than that amount. Since to most readers these figures are a vague immensity of numbers, let us try to simplify them by an illustration. The Saginaw mills turn out each year so much lumber, large and small, that if it were all cut in inch-thick boards, each of them one foot wide, and then these boards were placed end to end, they would reach about 200,000 miles, or four times around our planet. The product, to put the illustration a little differently, would supply lumber enough for a fence four times around the world, made of solid wooden posts, with a double row of boards, each six inches wide.

Up the Saginaw in a wild region, reached either by the river or its tributaries, the great pine saw log, often three feet in diameter, has its birth. Pine forests, now rapidly thinning out, once covered several thousand square miles around the headwaters. Entering that lumber region in the late autumn, the lumbermen establish camps, round which the whole winter long the axes resound, the tall trunks fall, and in sections are rolled to the adjacent streams for the spring floods to bear away. Floating down to the main river the "boom men" pick out each other's logs, as identified by the brand, and gather them inside of the booms, which may be curtly described as long tree trunks chained together at the ends, often inclosing a smooth water surface of several acres. The coves of the Saginaw—called locally "bayous," a term borrowed from the lower Mississippi—are specially adapted for the gathering and organization of these log armies. The military metaphor, indeed, has peculiar fitness here, for the logs are mustered side by side in companies held together by a rope fastened to each log by a device not unlike the domestic clothespin. As the logs down stream are worked up by the tireless mills, these upper booms are drawn upon for more, until the freezing river finds them quite empty, and another winter comes on to yield its fresh supply.

But the saw log's story becomes most dramatic as it nears the mill and, loosed from the restraining rope, is steered into the glade of open water that leads up to the wooden slide. Enter now the great lumber mill, and we shall be in at the saw log's death. Down the slide on a wooden railroad runs a heavy track, fitted with two cross lines of heavy iron teeth. With a plunge it dashes below the water, still holding its place on the rails. Then three giant logs are floated above it. At a signal the steam is let on, the machinery reversed, the strong chain holding the truck tightens, and the truck itself begins to ascend. The sharp teeth catch the logs, which in a trice are lifted dripping from the water, whisked up like twigs a hundred feet to the mill, and rolled off opposite the first set of saws. These saws are two in number; one set below is of the buzz variety, perhaps six feet in diameter, and cutting therefore through a three-foot log; but as this semi-diameter is often insufficient for a big log, a second and smaller "buzz," placed above and in front of the first, cuts the slice, which otherwise might still hold fast the slab. One of the largest logs weighs a number of tons, and human strength alone would never suffice to turn it after one of its sides has been "slabbed." Just here comes in a beautiful piece of powerful mechanism. At the touch of a lever a stout beam, armed with iron teeth, rises by the forest titan's side. It snatches the wood, and in

less time than words can tell it the log is tumbled over, and the framework, rushing back and forth with amazing speed, has driven the edges of the tree athwart the saws, until the once rough stick stands forth as symmetrical square. Then, in another instant it is shifted before the "gang," a set of ordinary upright saws placed an inch apart, and often with thirty or even thirty-five blades. Below an ordinary circular planer revolves in front of the gang and smooths the lower edges of the boards. The immense piece of timber is run through in a few moments, and what was five minutes before a rough tree trunk has passed into the inch boards of commerce. Nor does the work end here; for the slabs are passed to a new machine, which grasps them with almost human intelligence, and whatever part of them can be made so becomes laths. Other machines take the harder woods, ash, elm or oak, and convert them with equal speed into staves, barrel heads or shingles; and finally the otherwise useless debris passes to the furnaces to feed the fires of the engine.

Sometimes, particularly in the more modern mills, the routine as described is varied by lifting the logs from the river on an endless chain, and a number of minor mechanisms fill out the devices by which the lumber is cut and distributed. One ingenious machine, working double emery wheels, sharpens the buzz saws on both sides of the teeth during a single revolution, and requires no attention beyond simply the fastening of the saw upon it and the unfastening after the work is done. Another flattens out, by a clever mechanical expedient, the teeth of the saw, so as to cut a wider rent and prevent clogging as the cut becomes deeper; finally, a system of elevated railroads takes the lumber-laden trucks and distributes the boards at the points in the yard or on the wharf whence they are to be shipped. Some additional conception of the size and importance of the industry may be derived from the fact that the Michigan Central company takes away from one station here a hundred car-loads of lumber for each day of the working season, to say nothing of the large quantities shipped from the river by the Flint and Pere Marquette railroad line and even large shipments by the lake barges.

A Description of a Cowboy.

A genuine cowboy is worth describing, says a Colorado letter to the Philadelphia Press. In many respects he is a wonderful creature. He endures hardships that would take the lives of most men, and is, therefore, a perfect type of physical manhood. He is the finest horseman in the world, and excels in all the rude sports of the field. He aims to be a dead shot, and universally is. Constantly during the herding season he rides seventy miles a day, and a majority of the year sleeps in the open air. His life in the saddle makes him worship his horse, and it, with a rifle and a six-shooter, complete his happiness. Of vice in the ordinary sense he knows nothing. He is a rough, uncouth, brave and generous creature, who never lies or cheats. It is a mistake to imagine that they are a dangerous set. Any one is as safe with them as with any people in the world, unless he steals a horse or is hunting for a fight. In their eyes death is mild punishment for horse stealing. Indeed it is the highest crime known to the unwritten law of the ranch. Their life, habits, education and necessities breed this feeling in them. But with all this disregard of human life there are less murderers and cut-throats graduated from the cowboys than from among the better educated classes of the East who come out here for venture or gain. They delight in appearing rougher than they are. To a tenderfoot, as they call an Eastern man, they love to tell blood-curdling stories and impress him with the dangers on the frontier. But no man need get in a quarrel with them unless he seeks it, or get harmed unless he commits some crime. They very often own an interest in the herd they are watching, and very frequently become owners of ranches. The slang of the range they always use to perfection and in season or out of season. Unless you want to insult them, never offer a cowboy pay for any little kindness he has done or for a share of his rude meal. If the changes that are coming to stock-raising should take the cowboy from the ranch its most interesting feature will be gone.

A Bat Can See With Its Wings.

There is a singular property with which the bat is endowed too remarkable and curious to be passed altogether unnoticed. The wings of these creatures consist of a delicate and nearly naked membrane of great size considering the size of the body, but, beside this, the nose is, in some varieties, furnished with a membranous foliation, and others the external membranous ears are greatly developed. These membranous tissues have their sensibility so high that something like a new sense is thereby developed, as if in aid of the sense of sight. The modified impressions which the air, in quiescence or in motion, however slight, communicates, the tremulous jar of its currents, its temperature, the indescribable conditions of such portions of air as are in contact with different bodies, are all apparently appreciated by the bat. If the eyes of a bat be covered up, or if he be cruelly deprived of sight, it will pursue its course about a room with a thou and obstacles in its way, avoiding them all; neither dashing against a wall nor touching the smallest thing, but threading its way with the utmost precision and quickness, and passing readily through apertures or interstices of threads placed purposely across the apartment. This endowment, which almost exceeds belief, has been abundantly demonstrated.—Forest and Stream.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Sprout Potatoes.

A curious experiment in potato growing has been completed by an English farmer. One pound of early potatoes were taken and allowed to sprout freely. From each potato a sprout was broken and potatoes and sprouts were planted in separate rows. Both grew well, and the following is the result of the experiment: From the sprouts, which weighed in all half an ounce, five pounds and five ounces of sound potatoes have been obtained, and from the pound of potatoes five pounds four ounces, showing a slight balance in favor of the sprouts. The sprout potatoes were, it is claimed, the more regular in shape and earlier in growth.

Maxims of Grape Growers.

The Vine Dresser lays down the following rules, which may be aptly termed the grape-grower's maxims:

1. Prepare the ground in the fall; plant in spring.
2. Give the vine plenty of manure, old and well decomposed; for fresh manure excites the growth, but does not mature it.
3. Luxuriant growth does not insure fruit.
4. Dig deep, but plant shallow.
5. Young vines produce beautiful fruit, but old vines produce the richest.
6. Prune in the autumn to insure growth, but in spring to promote fruitfulness.
7. Plant your vines before you put up trellises.
8. Vines, like old soldiers, should have good arms.
9. Prune spurs to one developed bud; for the nearer the old wood the higher flavored the fruit.
10. Those who prune long must soon climb.
11. Vine leaves love the sun; the fruit the shade.
12. Every leaf has a bud at the base, and either a bunch of fruit or a tendril opposite it.
13. A tendril is an abortive fruit bunch—a bunch of fruit, a productive tendril.
14. A bunch of grapes without a healthy leaf opposite it is like a ship at sea without a rudder—it can't come to port.
15. Laterals are like some politicians; if not checked, they are the worst of thieves.

Deep Plowing, Useful and Injurious.

One intelligent, practical farmer will tell you his experience has shown conclusively that deep culture of the soil is important and highly profitable. Another of equal intelligence and experience will assert that he positively knows deep plowing to be very injurious. Both may be right. The agricultural journals have abounded in such statements during thirty years past. An examination of the why and wherefore will afford a useful lesson. How do plants get the materials that increase their bulk? Mainly from air. A loam made up almost wholly of sand and clay, after growing two or three tons per acre of clover, for example, will contain more vegetable or organic matter than before bearing the crop. The leaves have upon their surface a vast number of very small mouths or openings, often over a hundred thousand upon a single square inch, as shown by a microscope. Through these carbonic acid and other gases are absorbed and decomposed, part being retained as plant food. Remove the leaves from any plant and it ceases to grow. The fine rootlets and root hairs double; absorbed a little food from fertilizers and organic matter in the soil, especially nitrogen and the minerals of the ash.

Without discussing the question how much comes from each source, we know that the sap conveys the food both from leaves and roots, and deposits it here and there and everywhere through the plant—just as the blood gathers materials from the digested food passing through the alimentary canal of our bodies, and deposits the atoms that nourish and strengthen the muscles, nerves, bones and all other organs. The sap is to the plant what the blood is to the body. This sap comes mainly from moisture in the soil.

The sun's warmth greatly assists the preparation of the food material collected by the leaves, adapting it for plant nourishment. We speak of warm "growing weather." But while the hot sun rapidly increases the preparation of plant food, it dries off the sap faster from the leaves, and also the moisture from the surface soil, so that the roots cannot get a full supply. In both these ways the sap—the blood of the plant—is diminished or growth is lessened, and frequently is stopped altogether. The leaves curl, the plants drop, often dying out after a few hot days. This is especially the case on shallow soils, and on prairie land which, by reason of its dark color, absorbs more of the sun's heat than those of lighter color. Owing to the loose texture of such soils they bring up moisture from below much less rapidly than fine, compact loams and clays.

Is it not plain, then, that if a soil is plowed deep and made fine, so that air will penetrate deeply, and the plant roots be thus invited well below the surface, out of the sun's reach even in a drought, which seldom dries more than two or four inches deep, the plants having such roots will be always supplied with the needed sap, and the growth will proceed rapidly even in the driest day? Hence, as a rule, deep plowing and working of the soil are highly advantageous.

But not always. The porous prairie soils are usually in a fair condition a foot deep or more, the air has circulated through them, destroying deleterious acids, poisonous salts, etc. On heavier soils, so compact that the air has never circulated below the immediate surface, the subsoil may be actually filled with poisonous substances.

We know that earth brought up in digging wells and deep ditches will seldom support vegetable life, for a year or two at least. To run a plow down into such a soil three or four inches below the previously stirred surface, and turn up a heavy layer of it, may actually kill the first crop sown or planted.

The right way with such soils is to go down an inch or two annually, and bring up a little new soil each time, but not enough to materially harm the growing crops. In this way we may in time secure a healthy, porous, aerated, deep plant bed, that will furnish abundant moisture in the hottest season, beside providing new supplies of inorganic food needed for the best growth of crops.—American Agriculturist.

Recipes.

BANANA FRITTERS.—Four eggs, one pint milk, a little salt, flour enough to make a light batter. Beat the eggs into the milk, and add salt and flour. Stir in, pretty thickly, bananas, sliced thin. Fry in hot lard.

CHOCOLATE JELLY.—Four small cakes of chocolate grated and one and a half pints of milk boiled together. Then add sugar and vanilla to taste, and one box of gelatine dissolved in a little water. Pood all together for a few minutes, then set away to cool.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Pare and take out the cores of the apples without dividing them, and make crust to taste; roll the apples in the crust, previously sweetening them with moist sugar and taking care to join the paste nicely. When formed into round balls put them on a tin and bake for about half an hour or longer; arrange them pyramically on a dish and sift over them some pounded white sugar.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—Oatmeal porridge is excellent if made in this way: Soak two cups of oatmeal all night in water; in the morning strain it, and let it boil briskly for half an hour; then add about two cups of milk and salt to your taste; let this boil up once or twice; sweeten or not as the patient may prefer. This can be assimilated by a very weak stomach, and is not only refreshing but nourishing. When straining the oatmeal before cooking, rub it in the sieve with a spoon, so that all the soft part will be saved.

DELICATE PUDDING.—Take one pint of new milk, three eggs, six small sponge cakes, four ounces of currants, four ounces of dried cherries, the grated peel of one lemon, half a teaspoonful of fine white sugar, and two dozen blanched almonds. Butter a tin pudding mold, and stick the dried cherries and the blanched almonds around its sides. Break up the sponge cakes into the mold, and add the currants. Beat the three eggs to a froth, mix in the milk, add ten drops of essence of almond and the sugar, and pour it over the cakes. Tie a cloth over the mold, place in a kettle of boiling water, not more than half way up the mold and steam it for one hour. Run a knife around the edges of the pudding mold, turn it into a dish, pour the hot sauce around it, and serve at once, smoking hot.

Very Rich Men.

The present age is notable for the rapid increase of enormous fortunes in the hands of a few men. This is more conspicuous, perhaps, in the United States than in any other country. There are at least three men in New York whose wealth may be fairly guessed to reach nearly or quite one hundred millions of dollars. There are probably more than three men on the Pacific slope whose respective fortunes reach or exceed that colossal sum. Those who are worth twenty millions are, of course, more numerous; while a man whose fortune is only a million, and whose income is therefore only sixty thousand a year, has come to be looked on as by no means a person of great wealth. The accumulation of these enormous fortunes is a very modern fact with us. Two hundred years ago there was probably not a man living on American soil worth a quarter of a million of dollars. A citizen of Boston or New York in the last century whose property amounted to one hundred thousand dollars was accounted a man of large fortune. Even thirty years ago a millionaire was looked upon as exceedingly rich. The growth of the country, the easy and infinite channels of speculation, the rapid spread of the railway, telegraphic and other similar systems, the development of mines, the fast increase of planted areas, have opened the way to the building up of fortunes which not many years ago would have seemed incredible. These great fortunes are recognized and dreaded as a real danger. They concentrate in single hands a source of power which is not only vast, but is irresponsible. Gold cannot buy happiness or health, or the redemption of the soul. Yet its power of purchase is otherwise well-nigh unlimited.—Youth's Companion.

Princely Fees.

Among the items in the estimate of expenses for the Duke of Edinburgh's special mission to Moscow is £1,000 for "gratuities." People who think that this amount is exorbitant will perhaps change their opinion on learning that when the Emperor Nicholas visited the queen at Windsor castle in 1844, he gave £2,000 to the servants and £1,000 to the housekeeper, as well as six gold snuff boxes, with his picture set in diamonds, to the lords of the household, and six with his epher to the equerries and grooms-in-waiting. These were the chief gifts; but for other dependants about a bushel of rings, watches and brooches were distributed. When the late Emperor Napoleon stayed at Windsor in 1855 he left £1,500 for the servants.—London World.

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AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY.

We are in receipt of the reports of the consuls of the U. S. on the commerce and manufactures of their several districts, for the year ending April, 1883. One of the largest and by far the most interesting report is by the consul at Crefeld, Germany, the Hon. Joseph S. Potter, of Arlington, the U. S. office at that important manufacturing centre. The purpose of the paper is to show the immense field the European continent presents for American commerce, and is full of suggestions as to how the best results may be achieved. Speaking of the density of the population of a designated section, he illustrates as follows:—

"From data and careful estimates the population of England and the belt of the Continent, which is but eight hours wide, is about 102,000,000, or twice that of the United States. The territorial area containing this dense population is about 400,000 square miles, or considerably less than that of the States of California and Texas. There are, of course, other overpopulated portions of the Continent not less dependent for a food supply. Indeed, the average annual production of the last decade of years exhibits the fact, which cannot be longer questioned, that from her own resources Europe is no longer able to feed her population, and the annual deficit in food products is rapidly and steadily increasing. Science, under the guidance of able and practical minds, has reached the limit of its power in forcing from the soil, the sea, and the stream their utmost yield in behalf of human necessities. The overworked farm lands must every year be recuperated with fertilizers, and the material needed for this purpose is scarce, and now so expensive that the peasant farmer, after a hard year's work, finds it difficult to gather from the soil a dollar for the old one he has planted in it."

Referring to another important industry the report goes on to say that the heydays of the vintager in Germany and France are also surely passing away. Climate changes and the exhaustion of certain elements in the soil, vital to the health of the wine, have already reduced the wine yield of those countries such an extent that they are obliged, even at this date, to import from other countries a considerable part of the supply needed to meet the demands for home consumption. The decrease in the production of wine in France has, notwithstanding the great efforts to prevent it, been steadily going on for more than thirty years, and the average yield in the last ten years has been less than half that of the decade preceding 1860.

Another important point in the matter is touched upon under the heading of "low wages and dear food," as follows:—

"The facts exhibited in the table previously referred to show that the prices of the staple necessities of life in Europe are higher than those prevailing for similar articles in the United States, while the average rate of wages paid the laboring classes on the continent is, with the exception, perhaps of a few skilled workmen, from one to four hundred per centum less than those prevailing in America. The steady increase in the price of food for the past ten years, while wages, if not declining, are tottering on the brink of a fall, is a sufficient indication that the food producing capacity of Europe has been strained to its utmost, and still falls far short of meeting the demand for home consumption. And now the necessity for having a source of supply that will be certain, with adequate arrangements for its economical and rapid delivery, are questions which are being earnestly pressed upon the consideration of the governments immediately interested."

The report next goes on to show how legislation against American meat products, while hailed with delight by the farmers and others, is an immense burden on the working classes, and points out how unjust it is in its discrimination against American pork alone. He says, in closing his summary of facts:—"Suppose, in view of the restrictive and prohibitory legislation against American meats by Germany and France, the United States should raise the tariff on silk goods to

100 per cent., and thus probably reduce by 25 per cent. the meager earnings of the 65,000 operatives, whose endurance is already strained! The effect upon that community would be a disaster worse than that from flood or fire, because it would be permanent.

Under liberal but prudent national and state legislation which will encourage the development of agricultural industries, especially of cattle raising, and which will secure unobstructed channels to popular markets, there will be substantially no limit to the extent to which the commerce of the United States can be increased. The geographical position of the country, and the advanced status already obtained in means and methods of rapid and cheap communication, its unmeasured capacity for production, the enterprise of its people and their mastery of the practical sciences, leaves them substantially without competition in supplying the markets of Europe with agricultural and food products.

Having shown the demand for the teeming wealth of his native land, Mr. Potter turns to that other most important consideration,—its transportation, and asks a series of important and pertinent questions.

"By and by, instead of four or five steamers per day leaving American ports, twenty, thirty, or fifty will daily clear, laden with supplies for Europe. If the future is only measured by a brief period in the history of the past, this conclusion is inevitable. Is this immense carrying trade to be done in foreign ships as now? Is the best ship building material in the world, so abundant in America, to remain dormant, and the most skilled labor and ingenuity of American mechanics to rest in idleness, while the shipyards of England and Germany team with active industry in constructing vessels which will control the carrying trade of America? Are the avenues of employment which a merchant marine would open to American mechanics and sailors to be continued under the control of foreign nations? If commerce and ship building have done so much for this little 'iron bound island' what may it not do, under wise and patriotic legislation, for a prolific and almost boundless continent, controlled by a single government with no jealous antagonistic neighbors to retard the development of its resources or the business thrift of its people?"

In closing this quite remarkable state paper Mr. Potter points out the opportunity presented to the United States by the present status of affairs to experience a "period of universal business activity and prosperity, that has not been paralleled by any previously existing nationality."

"European statesmen who are familiar with the skill of American mechanics and the great resources of their country, often express astonishment that the United States should not long ago have inaugurated a commercial policy which would have prevented its enormous freight business from being monopolized by foreign ships. They know how important an industry ship-building is, and they know, too, what important advantages accrue to a nation from building and sailing its own ships. They know, too, that the United States is the only country that has the capacity and facilities for building ships and furnishing them with cargoes from surplus productions which can find a ready market in all parts of the world. It is not, therefore, surprising that they cannot understand a policy which, while rapidly developing the internal resources of the country by encouraging manufactures, and by large appropriations for improvements of rivers and harbors, and for building railroads, should not only make no corresponding provision for the growth of its merchant marine, but allow it to decay with such rapidity as to almost disappear."

While wisely making provisions for bringing the prolific fields of the distant interior almost to the sea side with their wealth of cargoes for all parts of the world, the richer and more influential industry has been allowed to fall into foreign hands. If Great Britain, anxious to find a substitute for some failing industry at home, had controlled American enterprise and capital in her own interests, what better could she have done for herself? American cargoes, almost wholly under foreign flags, furnish European statesmen with a fertile topic for discussion and criticism.

It is undoubtedly the interest of European powers to monopolize, as far as possible, the carrying trade of the United States. They know that the flag of a nation carries influence, and that the people all over the world are largely swayed in forming their judgment of the power and productive capacity of a country by the frequency with which its flag appears at the mast-head of its commercially laden ships. Often seen in foreign ports it engenders respect and confidence, and thus opens new avenues to healthy trade. If the commerce of the American States was conducted in American bottoms, their ships would dot the seas in every

climate, and their flag be familiar in all parts of the world. By building and sailing American ships, something more would therefore be accomplished for the country than reviving active industries in American ship-yards, and furnishing employment to thousands of mechanics and sailors. The great commercial benefits arising from international intercourse would be secured, and the principles of peace and civilization steadily advanced."

Lexington's tax rate for 1883 is \$11.80 on \$1000.

As a rule successful business men are users of neither alcoholic beverages nor tobacco.

The Concord School of Philosophy opened its annual session, Wednesday, at Hillside Chapel. Mr. A. B. Alcott was unable to attend.

Our thanks are due Hammon Reed, Esq., of Lexington, now travelling in Europe with his wife and daughter, for English papers.

The technicalities thrown in the way of Roger Amers have been set aside and the alleged murderer of Mrs. Carleton, at Watertown, must come to Massachusetts to be tried.

Continued ill health has forced us to lay down our editorial duties for a season of rest. The business will be in charge of competent hands during our absence. Job printing, etc., will receive the usual prompt and careful attention.

The most important event of the week has been the threatened strike of the telegraph operators of the country. The public has small means of judging of the merits of the case, everything has been so secret, but the operators seem to have a good case.

Tom Thumb's death, during the past week, has brought him pleasantly to the memory of almost every one,—for who has not seen this famous dwarf and enjoyed the exhibitions he gave. For forty years he pleased audiences all over the world, and regret at his death will be universal.

Beyond peradventure the State Almshouse is thought better of to-day than the day after Gov. Butler's inaugural was read, and the long time officers of that institution stand better before the people of the Commonwealth. The worst has been told and it is not harmful to their reputation as honest and well meaning men.

The wickedest thing transpiring the past week was the publication of a dastardly attack upon the memory of the late President by the New York Sun, under cover of S. W. Dorsey. The character of the late President Garfield has gone beyond the pale of political discussion. His foibles, his follies, and his faithlessness are no longer the legitimate theme of partisan recrimination. The Sun badly mistakes the character of the American people when it assumes that it can make capital by playing the ghoul at the grave of the murdered President.

It was in the Lexington car. They were sitting side by side en route from Boston to Lexington, an elderly gentleman and a quiet young lady. The gentleman evidently a visitor to the old historic town and the young lady a resident thereof. As they neared a station, the conductor as usual called out, "Peirce's Bridge." Catching the name the old gentleman, who seemed well posted in local revolutionary lore, said quickly, Oh, yes; "Percy's Bridge, named doubtless after Lord Percy, who probably made a stand at the bridge to check the pursuit of the continentalists." "I think you misunderstand the name," quickly remarked his demure companion, "it is Peirce's Bridge." "Is it?" exclaimed the undaunted epitome of history. "Oh, I see, named after President Frank Peirce."

Rides for Invalids.

One of the special branches of the benevolent work carried on by the Young Men's Christian Union, Boylston street, Boston, for many years, is that of "Rides for Invalids."

Last year (1882) fourteen hundred and forty-nine persons, inmates of hospitals and homes, and from private families, were favored with carriage drives in the suburbs of Boston. In addition to carriage drives, over two thousand harbor excursions and horse-car tickets were distributed. For this (the tenth season) to July 1st, four hundred and forty-six invalids have thus been favored, and in addition about one thousand car tickets have been distributed.

"When I see the ballot in the hand of every man because he is a man, when I can see every man's rights respected and every industry prospering, when I can see laws that prevent the oppression of labor by capital, when I can see the taxation so diminished as not to be a burden, then, and not till then, shall I consider myself at liberty to fritter away my time in attending banquets and exhibitions and in making pretty speeches.—Gov. Butler.

What invitation, private business, would allow him to accept, has the Governor declined since his inauguration?

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

It is frequently a subject of wondering remark among visitors to our city that Bostonians should care to leave it during the summer time. It is certain that those of our fashionable folk who leave home in May and return in October deprive themselves of the pleasures of home life at a season when the city itself offers more natural attractions than during any other month in the round of the year.—Roxbury Gazette.

Peck's "Bad Boy" is a very humorous creation, one must admit, and many are the readers who hugely enjoy his freaks. Yet we think most people will perceive on reflection that such literature has a vicious tendency, in inculcating a disrespect if not actual contempt for parents. If it is good to honor parents, it is certainly not good to encourage a literature the influence of which manifestly is in the opposite direction.—Waltham Free Press.

Nobody is above making mistakes, nobody can be absolutely responsible for the acts of subordinates, and every concern involving the care of many persons or varying interests—even if it be no more than an ordinary family—will have its infelicities or worse. But everything actually shown about the Tewksbury almshouse so far, proves that it has been run by Capt. Marsh for a quarter of a century with fewer mistakes, fewer injustices, fewer inaccuracies, and fewer misfeasances, than the conduct of the executive chamber has shown during that time.—Lowell Journal.

One remark of His Excellency in the closing speech on Friday strikes us as remarkable. He had been speaking of the Soldiers' Homes, and he said, "I will not shrink from any investigation of the Soldiers' Homes, but will let the inmates speak for themselves. I will not call a single officer, but will say to my comrades, 'Support your old commander,' and they would clean out this State House so quick it would make your head swim." The old soldiers went to war for the maintenance of the government, and not to please some one man. They cannot be aroused by any one who once commanded them by the cry, "Clean out this State House." If the time should ever come when the Governor desired to head a mob for the purpose indicated in his speech, he would very soon learn his mistake.—Lynn Item.

"The Mexican people," writes a correspondent, "can teach us many important lessons. Their manner of dealing with the railroads might be followed in the United States with great profit. All of them are under government supervision. It regulates the prices they charge for passengers and freight. If any wrong is committed by the railroad its agents are held responsible and the nearest one to the aggrieved party is promptly arrested. The concessions to the railroads prescribe that the employees shall be held to be Mexican subjects, and those taking positions upon them accept the conditions of government control and all that it implies. It implies a great deal that is good in the way of preventing any oppression of and extortion from the people."

Since the 1st of July the trade dollar has come into such disfavor that it no longer passes in this city at par. The brokers are buying them at 85 cents, but Government officers advise parties to keep them, intimating that Congress will at its next session provide some measure for their redemption. According to one of our contemporaries, the trade dollar is intrinsically of more value than the modern silver dollar. The trade dollar contains seven grains more silver than the standard dollar and is a better coin. But Congress never endowed it with legal tender attributes. It was originally coined for use in the Chinese trade, at a time when our currency was paper, as a favor, it is said, to the bonanza silver kings, who wished to find some use for the product of their mines.—Scientific American.

We print this week the first number of our twelfth volume. The past eleven years have been eventful ones in the history of our town. They include the death of Cyrus Wakefield, Senior, the check to our rapidly advancing prosperity, and the great panic. Many fortunes have been lost and fair hopes disappointed, and many true men and women have been lost to the town by death. Nevertheless, we have greatly increased in wealth, population and business. Many public buildings and private edifices and dwelling houses have been erected, new residents and industries have come into the community, boys have become men, water-works are being introduced, and in this year of grace we are permitted to hopefully look forward to an era of prosperity far in advance of anything we have previously known in our municipal history. As our people have met depression and adversity with patience, hope and courage, may we receive the flowing tides of success and prosperity without pride or exaltation, but rather with thankfulness and humility.—Walden Banner.

The editor of the Record alone is responsible for what appears in its columns; and so if you wish to find out who wrote this or that, make application to this office and you will be very likely—very—to find out, you will receive a due amount of courteous attention.—Waltham Record.

A large educational tourist party of Americans, above one hundred in number, organized by Dr. Eben Tourjee, of the Conservatory of Music in Boston, and traveling under the arrangements of Messrs. Cagill and Co., arrived at the Midland Grand Hotel on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning, under the conductorship of Mr. John Ripley, who has accompanied them from America, they went to the Metropolitan Tabernacle to hear the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, after which they had a personal interview with the distinguished preacher, which gave them great satisfaction. Yesterday, after visiting the exhibition of pictures at the Albert Hall, they were photographed in a group on the steps of the Albert Memorial. This evening two sections of them start for the Continent—one via Paris and the other by way of Belgium and the Rhine, to be followed by the remainder in a few days, visiting Rome, Naples, Vienna, Amsterdam, etc., after which they return in September to America.—London Mail.

Mr. Harmon Reed, formerly editor of the Lawrence Eagle, with wife and daughter, are with the above party. They are having a splendid time, we hear.

With its issue of July 5th, the Art Interchange enters upon its eleventh volume. During the five years of its publication the journal has grown from a four-page sheet, without illustrations, supplement sheet, or "question and answers" to one of sixteen pages, with a profusion of illustrations representative of both pictorial and decorative art, and an inquiry department, which, for fullness, accuracy, helpfulness, and diversity of subjects treated, is unrivaled. The fact that the Art Interchange is being enlarged and the sphere of its usefulness more and more extended, is the best possible proof that unexampled prosperity has attended the efforts of the management to stimulate an interest in all forms of art work.

Deaths.

In East Lexington, July 18, Nellie M. Grammeil, daughter of Eben and Mary A. Grammeil, aged 17 years, 5 months, 12 days.

Philadelphia Ice Cream Co.

HAVE REMOVED TO
171 Tremont Street, Boston,
Where with increased facilities they are supplying
Families, Fairs, Festivals Parties, Weddings, Etc.,
With their celebrated
ICE CREAM
At Reasonable Rates.
13 July

PLEASANT STREET MARKET, ARLINGTON.

WINN & PIERCE,
DEALERS IN
Provisions and Vegetables
OF ALL KINDS,
BUTTER, CHEESE, LARD, EGGS, ETC., ETC.
Spinach, Dandelions, Lettuce, Radishes and other Seasonable Articles.
Goods delivered in Arlington, Arlington Heights and Belmont, free of charge. Anything not in stock will be furnished at short notice.

F. P. WINN. apr13ft G. L. PIERCE.
Hardware and Cutlery,
Automatic Blind Fixtures, Wire Netting, Norton's Door Checks, Nails, Screws, Hinges, Sheathing Paper, Tools, Roofing Cement, Scissors, Brass and Iron Tacks, Chains, Bolts and Harness Goods.
Flag Colors 90 cents. Packing Trunks \$1.50. Heaviest Trace Chains 75 cents per pair. Zinc Trunk \$2.75. Prison Harnesses, hand sewed, \$20.00. Hill's Carriage Harness \$25.00.
And all other goods in the harness and hardware line at prices guaranteed as low as can be found in Boston.

LYMAN LAWRENCE, Main Street, Lexington
SPRINGFIELD F. & M.
INSURANCE COMPANY.
R. W. HILLIARD, - - - Agent.

Leonard A. Saville,
Dealer in Staple and Fancy
GROCERIES,
FARMING TOOLS,
GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS,
STOCKBRIDGE FERTILIZERS
AND PACIFIC GUANO IN ANY QUANTITY, AT LOW RATES
Also a full line of
Pain's, Oils, Brushes, Glass, Putty and Painters' Supplies.
This store is also stocked with an unusually full line of Glass, Crockery, Stone, Earthen and Wooden Ware, together with Brooms, Brushes, Tubs, a great variety of Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, etc. Goods delivered free of charge.

SALE

—AND—
ENTERTAINMENT
AT THE
Town Hall, Lexington,
Wednesday, July 25th, 1883,
By Ladies of the Baptist Society.
Entertainment from 3 to 9 o'clock, consisting of
Vocal & Instrumental Music, Recitations, etc.,
Aided by the Whistling Soloist, Mr. Wm. Woodward.
Refreshments served during the evening.
Admission, 25 cents.
Children's entertainment from 2 to 6 o'clock, p. m. Admission 5 cents.

Boat Found.

The subscriber has picked up adrift in Lower Mystic Pond, a flat bottomed skiff, which the owner can have by proving property and paying charges. Apply to
F. W. POTTER, 29 July
S. A. Fowle's Arlington Mills.

Custom Made Market Wagon
of Superior Finish,
FOR SALE.
Apply at the Lexington Carriage Manufactory.
13 July 2w

HOUSE TO LET IN LEXINGTON.

Containing seven rooms. Pleasantly situated on Main Street.
Enquire of
28 Jun 1t ASA COTTRELL,
Commonwealth of Massachusetts
MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Cairn Robbins, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased, Greeting.
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Samuel E. Sewall, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of July, next, at nine o'clock, before noon, to show cause if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Lexington Minuteman, printed at Lexington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.
Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty three.
J. H. TYLER, Register.
20 Jun 3w

PLUMBING

Properly Planned and
Promptly Performed,
With improved method of ventilation and drainage, by
Wm. Mills & Co.,
237 Washington St., Boston.
Personal attention to work in this vicinity will be given by Edwin Mills. Residence Court St., Arlington. 25 may

Temperance Department.

OUR FUTURE.

For the year 1883 this Society must enlarge its sphere of usefulness. Our membership is composed of sensible, practical, and earnest men and women "from all vocations in life who recognize in the community a great evil, destructive of the material and moral welfare of State; and who desire by every means in their power to meet and to stay it. We are not blind to its magnitude nor its influence. We appeal to no transient enthusiasm or passing excitement. We believe there must be steady work from the beginning of every year to its end, and that the foundations must be laid in business, in the home, in church, in school, in society and in business."

Already I believe a better sentiment is prevailing in Massachusetts. In the year now before us there are three special points to be enforced.

1. The enforcement of the laws of the Commonwealth against the liquor traffic; and in this work we should co-operate with the Citizen's Law and Order League.

2. That for the purpose of ascertaining the true sentiment of the people, as well as to take the question out of party politics, and raise it to the realm of conscience and right, the work of the Constitutional Prohibitory Committee should be indorsed, and given our hearty commendation.

3. Believing that the great body of the voters of the State between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five years support the license system, and that they are not practical total abstinents, that social drinking is more common among women than is generally known, we urge more special attention to the necessity of total abstinence. Our youth must be taught the effect of alcohol upon the human system; and to secure future success, the dissemination of temperance literature, the introduction of the pledge into the Sabbath and public schools, the preparation of temperance essays in the public and Normal schools, the study of temperance text-books in schools, the organization of total abstinence societies in our churches, the circulation among medical men of Dr. Carpenter's recent address on the "Physiology of Alcoholics," the education of the public mind by lectures,—in short, the persistent continuance of all educational, moral, and religious methods.

Were it not for all these agencies, which are the moral forces, there would be a deluge which nothing could resist. And yet, with all these, there is an utter failure to appreciate, or feel, or use the power that still lies inert and unexercised in the hands of every one of us. Indifference is still in the ascendant. There prevails with us all, blunting our influence a general notion that things are well enough. Imagine for one moment what would be the result if every indifferent man and woman became a resolute, outspoken advocate of temperance; if those who, without much thought hitherto, have preferred temperance to intemperance but have not troubled themselves further in the matter, would indeed trouble themselves even if only so far as to make their preference and their opinion a vital productive influence to the extent of influencing our neighbor or friend.

Let us have the reform. In this matchless and golden age, let us wipe out this lingering barbarism of drunkenness, with its gross indecencies, its impulses to crime and poverty, its sickening brutalities and horrors, its subtle destruction of fine manners, of intellectual power, and of moral dignity. I appeal to you not to ally yourselves with any fanaticism, not to indulge in tirades of abuse, but to help with your example, your habits of life and home, your speech and influence, in doing away with a cancer that breeds eighty-five per cent. of our crime, that causes most of our poverty, that endangers life and safety, and that is the foulest sore in the body politic.

So shall you make many a home happier; so brighten the faces of sad and pitiful children; so promote the civilization of your time; and so make the world better. You cannot stop to think, and not resolve to give yourselves, heart and soul to so good a cause and so beneficent a work as that of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society. B. R. JEWELL.

"FIRST CLASS LIQUOR STORE FOR SALE."

The above quotation is taken from the New York Herald. It is the advertisement of a dramseller. A first-class liquor store may suggest either the character of the place, or the quantity and character of the work one in it. If we read that a first-class grocery is for sale, we know what that means; it means that only first class articles are kept and that only first-class people patronize it. But how shall we determine what constitutes a first-class liquor store? First-class liquor, we suppose is the fire-water that does its work the most effectually. If there is any particular result that the dram drinker desires, it is that he may be made drunk. There are said to be seven stages of intoxication; one of these every man desires to reach, who drinks at all. If the effect produced is to characterize the quantity of liquor, then we know what first-class liquor is; it is surely the kind that intoxicates most quickly. But how shall we determine the status of saloon patrons? In the schools the higher classes are those who have studied the most; in the learned profession the first-class are those whose knowledge and experience is greatest; and so is it in all the reputable pursuits of life. If we judge the patrons of liquor saloons by this rule,

first-class patrons will be those who have been intoxicated most frequently, who have passed through the most drunken brawls, who have beat and abused their families the most and who are the most ragged and filthy. We confess that we are a little mixed up as to what constitutes a first-class liquor store.—*Er.*

CONSCIENCE AND LAW.

"You can't make men good by law," thunders the opponent of legal suasion. I deny it, sir, and call for proof. Your soft head will be covered with gray hair before you can succeed in proving the position you so confidently assume.

Now, is not my denial as good as your affirmation? What will you do about it? You should have this to think about, viz: We can make men bad by law, and that is what we do when we license wickedness of any kind. The average man gets a good part of his moral education from the law of the land. What the law permits he believes is right. When we license the sale of rum we give a powerful object lesson to such people. We teach them it is right to sell whisky if they get a license. Their conscience is thus wrongly educated by law. They are thus led to believe it right to do what is wrong. Now, sir, if we cannot make men good by law, we can cease to make bad by law. Let us wipe the license law off of all our statute books, and so cease to have fellowship with evil. Let us put rumselling under the ban of law and so teach the public that it is wrong. What do you say to this?

PRACTICAL PROHIBITION.

Greeley, Colorado, is one of the many bright spots of prohibition. Founded under strict temperance principles, it has been a success from the hour of its planting. Not a drop of liquor can be obtained in the town unless sold by a druggist upon a physician's certificate. Should any landholder violate the provisions of the clause contained in his deed, it works a forfeiture of his ownership. The town has 2,550 population, no paupers, no city jail, no police magistrate, no poorhouse. As a further evidence they have three newspapers, six churches and a fine school house, which cost over \$30,000. If this beneficial result comes from prohibition, will it not be a good example to other towns to follow?

Prohibition has nothing to do with the individual habits of the drinker, but simply with the traffic. Trade is a social institution, and society has the right and power to continue or stop it. The law which prohibits the sale of stinking beef does not prevent a person from eating it. So the law which prevents the sale of adulterated milk and poisoned food does not prohibit any one from using them. A prohibitory liquor law is not a sumptuary law, and the whi-kytes know it.

The sale of liquor has been so long and so bitterly denounced as a crime against the individual, that we have almost failed to perceive that it is a crime against the nation. Good men—temperance men—rest in security because they feel that they are safe, and that the curse cannot reach them. Let us not forget that every interest which man holds dear depends upon the government which protects those interests, and let us open our eyes to the fact that rum selling and rum drinking are working national ruin.—*Senator Platt, of Conn.*



Dizziness, Liver and Kidney Complaint.

CINCINNATI, O.
H. H. Stevens—Dear Sir: I have received great benefit from the use of the Vegetine, and can safely recommend it to all who are afflicted with Dizziness, Headache, and a general blood purifier. It has also been used by other members of my family for Liver and Kidney Complaints.
MRS. A. C. ULRICH,
200 Baymiller St.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

Boston, Mass.
Mr. H. H. Stevens—Dear Sir: I have been using Vegetine for some time with the greatest satisfaction, and can highly recommend it as a great cleanser and purifier of the blood.
J. L. HANNAFORD,
Pastor of Egleston Square M. E. Church.

A MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.
I testify to the beneficial effects of VEGETINE, as it is used in my family for the past six years. We consider it invaluable as a blood medicine for both children and adults, and endeavor to always keep a supply on hand.
Yours, &c.,
G. A. JACKSON,
Business Manager South Boston Inquirer

Vegetine
IS THE BEST
SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINE.
Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

Families in Lexington
Wishing for Brown Bread or Beans
Sunday morning, can be supplied by leaving their orders at Jackson Brother's Market, for the Arlington Bakery.

This office is splendidly stocked with job printing type.

JAMES PYLE'S

PEARLINE
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING
IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.
SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. **BEWARE** of imitations well designed to mislead. **PEARLINE** is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

AND STILL
Another Great Reduction

CARPETS.

We have taken from our Wholesale Wareroom

250 ROLLS

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,

Which we shall sell, with borders to match, at the lowest price ever offered, viz:

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Laid at 60c. All wool, new patterns, and perfect goods.

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BOSTON.
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GRANT & COBB
are all ready for summer,
with a complete stock of
Ladies', Gents' and Childrens'
GAUZE UNDERWEAR,
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FANS,
HAMMOCKS,
White Skirts, Sacks, Waists, Ties,
Hosiery, Gloves, Bathing Caps,
Ladies' and Childrens' Shade Hats

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White Skirts, Sacks, Waists, Ties,
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In connection with one of the best lines of

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Table Board! During the summer months or longer, parties desiring Table board can be accommodated by Mrs. Whittemore, corner of Arlington Avenue and Water street, Arlington. Terms reasonable.

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LATEST IMPORTATIONS.

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House Lots for Sale.

Apply to Wm. Minot, Jr., 38 Court Street, or to John Gray, Sewall Place, off 16 Milk Street.

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For sale in Arlington, near the centre station, two good houses, a nice stable with one of them, two acres of land well stocked with apple, pear, cherry and peach trees, and quince, currant and gooseberry bushes, grape vines and other small fruits all in thrifty bearing condition. Need but to be examined to be appreciated.

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A fine house and large stable, with five acres good land, with fruit trees. Terms very easy.

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Arlington, March 22d, 1883.

30apr1f

Boston & Lowell Railroad.

ON and after JUNE 25, 1883, trains will run as follows:—

LEAVE Boston FOR Prison Station, at 7.05, 9.30, a.m.; 1.45, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30, p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.45, a.m.; 12.35, 4.50, 11.30, p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass. at 7.05, 9.30, a.m.; 1.45, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30, p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.45, a.m.; 12.35, 4.50, 11.30, p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 7.05, 9.30, a.m.; 1.45, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30, p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.45, a.m.; 12.35, 4.50, 11.30, p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a.m.; 12.30, 1.45, 2.45, 4.20, 5.20, 5.45, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 11.30, p.m. Return at 5.58, 7.10, 7.45, 8.08, 8.45, 9.10, 10.30, a.m.; 1.05, 2.05, 3.55, 5.18, 6.15, 19.15, 11.00, p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.30, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a.m.; 12.30, 1.45, 2.45, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 11.30, p.m. Return at 5.58, 7.10, 7.45, 8.08, 8.45, 9.10, 10.30, a.m.; 1.05, 2.05, 3.55, 5.18, 6.15, 19.15, 11.00, p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR North Avenue at 6.30, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a.m.; 12.30, 1.45, 2.45, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 11.30, p.m. Return at 5.58, 7.10, 7.45, 8.08, 8.45, 9.10, 10.30, a.m.; 1.05, 2.05, 3.55, 5.18, 6.15, 19.15, 11.00, p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR West Somerville at 6.30, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a.m.; 12.30, 1.45, 2.45, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 11.30, p.m. Return at 5.58, 7.10, 7.45, 8.08, 8.45, 9.10, 10.30, a.m.; 1.05, 2.05, 3.55, 5.18, 6.15, 19.15, 11.00, p.m.

Wednesdays excepted. — Wednesdays only.

SUNDAY TRAINS leave Prison Station at 8.45, a.m.; leave Boston at 12.40, p.m.

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Supt. of Transportation.

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TO LET.

Parties desiring the use of Menotomy Hall for Parties, Lectures, Concerts, or other purposes, can be accommodated on application to THOMAS ROSEN,
No. 6 Bacon Street.

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SUCCESSOR TO HATCH & HUBBS.

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Orders for goods not on hand promptly filled.

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The latest styles and patterns always on hand to show customers. Personal attention to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed. Special attention to cutting and fitting stylish outside spring garments.

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Leave Arlington at 9 A. M.; Boston at 2 P. M.

David Clark,

MILL STREET, - ARLINGTON.

A MODEL GARDENER.

Bill Hedger was a gardener
Who earned his daily meat
By toiling zealously all day—
His zeal was hard to beat.

He was a man of tender parts,
And thoughtful for his years—
Even when he cut his onions down
His eyes would fill with tears.

He was so pitiful and kind
He'd read to cut his lawn;
But though he'd never shock his friends,
He'd often shock his corn.

A score of carots off he'd give
To feed a widow's kine;
Such gems of charity are rare—
Full twenty carots fine.

His wretched horse could hardly creep,
Bill propped him while he grazed;
He said he'd have a better steed
When his celery was raised.

He'd sometimes call for to him
When he had done his work—
He loved it stewed in buttermilk,
Or boiled with greens and pork.

But dead at last moved William down,
And they planned him in town,
And gave him for his epitaph—
"He found sweet peace at home!"

HIS WIFE.

The sun had just set when I arrived
at Somerset station. A while mile to
walk in the pleasant part of the
pleasantest country in the world! Soft
hills, bathed in the sun's parting glow,
dotted the landscape on every side, and
over all smiled a tender, brooding sky.
What keen enjoyment the anticipation
of a summer all alone with my best
friend had afforded me—and now I
was almost there. There was the
house; old, brown and many-roomed,
and most of the rooms on the ground
floor. Grandmother herself had been
the architect of the establishment.

An enthusiastic lover of nature was
this old lady of seventy years. Yes,
there she was! I caught a glimpse of
her white sleeve on the window-sill.
I would walk softly in and surprise
her. How exquisite the taste of this
presiding genius! Heliotrope, mignon-
nette and white roses! Grandmother's
rose bushes were the envy of the whole
neighborhood. Shy little violets bor-
dered the gravelled walk leading to the
low door-stone, and over beyond, in
grandmother's pet field, millions of yel-
low-hearted daisies nodded and beck-
oned to the soft evening breeze. Avoid-
ing the treacherous pebbles, I cut quietly
across to the front door, stealing
with cat-like tread through the long,
narrow hallway, and entering the
sitting room on my tip toes. Wonder-
ful victory! Twice before had I tried
this wonderful dodge, and each time
had the old turkey gobbler betrayed
me. Where was he on this occasion;
and why, when I really need his ser-
vices, did he not prove my friend?
Softly, softly, only a step or two more.
The sensation of the next minute
wasn't anything to speak of; I mean
by that it was indescribable. The
back of grandmother's big armchair
quite hid the occupant, and nothing
doubting, I made with great dexterity
for grandmother's eyes. I found the
eyes, but they didn't belong to grand-
mother. I knew that before their
saucy owner had imprisoned my hands.

"Who is it?" said he, like one first
awakening from a sleep. "Let me
guess. The fingers are too little for
Madge, and too long to belong to
Sarah."

I found my tongue then. I would
not wrench my hands away. That
would be rudeness; for he evidently
supposed them the property of some
intimate friend.

"Please release me," I said; and
then, as he rose quickly—apparently
surprised by the voice of a stranger—I
added, rather ludicrously, I suppose,
for the tall fellow in the shirt sleeves
laughed right heartily, "I thought you
were grandmother?"

"Never was taken for an old lady
before," he answered, with provoking
nonchalance; and then added, as he
hastily threw on a dressing-gown,
"what do you think about it now?"

"I think I should like to know
where grandmother is, and—"

"And what am I doing here?" he
interrupted, with another laugh.
"Your grandmother has gone to
spend the evening with a sick neighbor.
I belong to the next house—or rather
am visiting my sister. She was unex-
pectedly telegraphed away, and as I
have been ill, and am not quite well
enough to take care of myself in the
absence of a housekeeper, your blessed
grandmother offered to look out for
me until my sister's return. My name
is David Alcott, and yours, I take it,
is Miss Susan Ellis." And then we
shook hands.

That evening marked a new era in
my life. I was comfortable, as was
always the case at grandmother's, and
I was happy too—happier than I had
ever been before. What it meant was
of no sort of consequence to me then.
I did not stop to analyze my sensations,
but enjoyed to the utmost the strange
entertainment fate and placed before me.

Mr. Alcott showed where grand-
mother had left the strawberries after
tea, and then I skimmed a pan of
morning's milk, and prepared my
supper.

"You have been to tea, of course?"
inquired of the gentleman, who had
again taken up his book.

"Yes, but I should like a few straw-
berries, if you can spare me some." So
he handed me a dish of strawberries,
and I ate them with a relish, proving a most
interesting companion.

In an hour or more after our little
meal was over, I sat on the door-stone
alone, watching for grandmother.
Then he came to the door and said:

"You needn't expect her before 9
o'clock. I wish I could sit here with
you."

you indoors. If you are fond of being
read to, I will do my best."

"And there is nothing I am fonder
of," I answered, and followed him
into the house.

"Make your selection," he said,
pointing to a table quite overlaid with
books.

"Something of hers," I replied, pick-
ing up an edition of Mrs. Browning.

"All right! now to please me, open
at random, and I will read there."

I laughingly assented, and placed
my forefinger plump on Lord Walter's
wife—

"But why do you go?" said the lady, as both
sat under the yew.

And her eyes were alive in their depths, as
the broken beneath the sea blue.

"Because I fear you," he answered; "be-
cause you are far too fair.

And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of
your golden hair."

"Please don't go on," I interrupted.

"I like the poem, but somehow it isn't
pleasant now."

"I thought as much," said grand-
mother, entering just here. "I felt
sure you had come when I saw the
light," and no pet last child, a baby,
was ever more welcomed than I by my
dear dear father's mother.

"You promised me, David, you
would certainly go to bed at 9 o'clock,"
said the old lady, reproachfully, after
having sat herself down. "I hadn't
changed a bit since she last saw me."

"But how could I?" he asked, with a
comical gesture in my direction.

"Well, I hope you won't be any the
worse for it to-morrow," said she;
and now to bed with you this
minute!"

"Dear old Vagrant, good-night,"
said the gentleman, with a rare smile,
obeying instantly; "and pleasant
dreams to you, Miss Ellis."

"Nice boy that," said grandmother,
as the door closed.

"Boy?" I repeated.

"Yes, boy!"

"He is twenty-five years old if he is
a day."

"What of that? You are twenty,
and what are you but a girl, I should
inquire? Four weeks ago there didn't
anybody round here think he'd ever
get out again. The doctors gave him
up, and his sister was almost crazy;
but the fever turned, and he went to
sleep and slept two days steadily, and
when he woke up he was as bright as
a button."

I did not see my new friend for two
days. He had overexerted himself,
and the result was solitude for this
length of time. I roamed the fields,
and haunted the woods, read, wrote
and thought. I never did so much
thinking in so short a space of time,
with such unsatisfactory results.

"Where under the sun have you
been all this afternoon?" said grand-
mother, as at sunset the second day
I dragged into the kitchen porch. "You
have torn a great slit in your dress,
Sue, and you look like a fright. I
have wanted you—mor'n your worth—
for the last three hours."

"What are you making, grand-
mother?"

"Panada."

"How many quarts of this stuff
does your patient consume, Mr. Ellis,
in the course of twenty-four hours?"

"That is according to his appetite,
Miss sauce-box," said a rich voice at
my elbow; and there stood Mr. Alcott.

"They've sent for me up to Jones'.
They think the baby is dying," broke
in grandmother, while I stood blush-
ing like an embarrassed school-girl.

"And I want you to keep house and
take care of him while I go up a while
and see if I can do anything to help
them." And the provoking old lady
tripped away as composedly as if it
were the most commonplace thing in
the world for a young lady to be left
with the care of an invalid, and the
said invalid a man and a stranger. A
few minutes sufficed to pace me en-
tirely at my ease, and no veteran hos-
pital nurse was ever more compedi-
tely exacting than I in my new role.

Grandmother's orders were explicit:
David mustn't think of such a thing as
reading aloud, and he must lie on the
lounge in the sitting-room until she re-
turned! Such an evening as that was! I
read to him out of Auerbach—and this
took us naturally to the Rhine—and then
found that my companion had traveled
among all my favorite European cities.

What wonderful pictures he drew me
of the Campagna, the Coliseum and the
Forum! How exquisite was the play
of the moonlight on the Sabine moun-
tains, and how charmingly picture-
sque the sketch of the old Roman
ramparts, in some places bare and
black with age, with here and there
patches of sarslet and green made of
poppies and ivy.

Grandmother came all too soon. She
never was unwelcome before. Six
weeks of this dolce far niente life—and
then

There is no good of life but love—but love!
What else looks good is a mere shade flung
from love.

Love glides it, gives it worth.

I knew as well as the queen and
poor Constance what there was in life
worth living for—what love meant.

Not one word was spoken between us
of the one subject that all-engrossed
us, and yet I knew that his heart was
as irrevocably in my possession as was
mine in his.

One day, when he was fully well,
we attended a little picnic in the grove
down the road.

"We'll have a good time to-day,
Lorchen," he said, as we made our pre-
parations in the morning. "I will
take out my scrap-book, and when the
others are engaged, and won't miss us,
we'll wander off by ourselves, and en-
joy after our own fashion—won't we,
Lorchen?"

"Lorchen!" How that word
thrilled me! and how it epitomized
the tender purity of his regard for me!

"Oh! day long to be remembered!
Oh! day of headache and agony inde-
scribable!"

Step the soul in one pure love,
And it will last the long.

What kind of a love was my soul
steeped in? Ay! love has its worm-

wood and gall, as well as its honeyed
sweetness.

A party of friends—David's friends
—came down from the city, and as we
were walking slowly into the grove
they came upon us from the depot
road. I had David's arm. It was my
arm—I knew it—and we should walk
that way forever. Greetings and in-
troductions were over. Shall I ever
forget the face of that man who aimed
straight for my soul with his poisoned
arrow? Walking up to David's side,
with a contemptible familiarity, he
said:

"Saw your wife last week, Dave."

"Ah," replied my companion, per-
fectly at his ease.

"Coming down in the 3 o'clock
train, if possible."

"Good," replied David; and then
followed inquiries about various friends
in a thoroughly cool and self-possessed
manner. It seemed to me that my
heart stopped beating. The hand on
his arm involuntarily clenched itself,
and there it remained until we arrived
at headquarters, a little round bun h of
corns and knuckles.

"You won't be gone long, Lorchen?"
inquired David, as I moved away, os-
tensibly to help the committee of ar-
rangements to decide where the tables
should be set.

"What's that you call her?" my
mortal enemy asked, inquisitively.

"Lorchen," replied David.

"Why, that's a Dutch name, isn't
it? I thought she looked like a fore-
igner."

I heard no more, waited for no more,
but watched my opportunity, and
when sure that no eyes were upon me,
struck the path leading to the road,
and in less than an hour was home
again in Grandmother Ellis' sitting-
room.

"Oh! grandmother! grandmother!
What misery has your terrible indis-
cretion brought me!" I groaned aloud
—for grandmother had gone away to
spend the day. There at the foot of
the lounge were his slippers—there on
the back of the lolling-chair his dress-
ing gown. I could not turn my eyes
without beholding fresh evidences of
his precious personality. What should
I do? I could not leave until grand-
mother returned. Such a blow as that
I felt sure the old lady would never
rally from. I must suffer and keep it
to myself, and get away at the earliest
possible moment. In my agony I
threw myself upon the lounge, and
buried my head in the pillow—the
pillow upon which his head reclined
so often—the head I had so foolishly
called mine. After awhile tears re-
lieved the heated brain, and I fell
asleep. I dreamed that I was in the
water. I could not stir. Huge waves
threatened to submerge me. Just
beyond on the bank, almost within
speaking distance, stood David, a
beautiful woman by his side—his
wife!

"David! David! take hold of my
hand! Don't you see I'm sinking?"
I cried out in my terror.

"Wake up, Lorchen! wake up!"
said a familiar voice at my side. "Here
are my hands, dear. They are both
yours—not one, Lorchen, but both.
Do you understand that?"

"But, David—but—"

"But what? Can it be that my lit-
tle brown bird was scared home be-
cause of—"

"Because of your wife," I managed
to say, with his face close to mine.

"It was my chum he meant, Lor-
chen! That's what we always call
them at college. I'll get a divorce
from that fellow, dear, if you will
promise to be my own real wife?"

And I did.—Belgravia.

How to Keep Cool.

Said a New York physician to a
Morning Journal reporter.

It is supposed by most persons that
if they bathe in cold water, drink iced
lemonade, ginger ale, ice-water, etc.,
sleep with a thin coverlet over them,
eat cold dinners and rub their faces
with their pocket handkerchiefs every
few moments that they will be cool, or,
at least, as comfortable as the weather
will permit. Now this is all wrong.

A cold drink makes one feel exceedingly
comfortable for a few moments, and
then the individual will feel warmer
than ever and perspire more profusely.

The best way to keep cool is as fol-
lows: Do not drink any ice-water,
take only one glass of soda or lemon-
ade a day; eat a warm dinner, but do
not eat quite as much as you want;
take hot coffee or tea for breakfast,
just as you do in winter; sleep with a
very light gauze blanket over you in
the night, and take a sponge bath in
tepid salt water before retiring. This
makes the body cool and keeps
mosquitoes away, do not wear a heavy
coat or a tight collar, wear light flannels,
low-cut shoes, carry an umbrella, and
above all do not rub your face too often,
because the action only heats the skin
to a greater degree and makes you
perspire more freely. If this advice is
strictly followed you will be cooler and
healthier.

Effect of Tobacco on Boys.

Dr. G. Decaisne has had in his
charge thirty-eight youths, from nine
to fifteen years of age, who are addicted
to smoking, and has made known some
interesting results concerning the ef-
fects of tobacco upon these boys.

The extent to which tobacco was used
varied, and the effects were of course
unequal, but were very decided in
twenty-seven cases. With twenty-two
of the boys there was disturbance of
circulation, palpitation of the heart,
imperfect digestion, sluggishness of
intellect, and to some extent a craving
for alcoholic stimulants. Twelve
patients suffered from bleeding of the
nose, ten had constant nightmare, four
had ulcerated mouths, and one became
a victim of consumption. The symp-
toms were most marked in the young-
est children, but among those of equal
age the best fed were least affected.

Eleven boys stopped smoking, and
were cured within a year.

FROM BELLE TO BEGGAR.

CAREER OF A WOMAN ONCE EN-
GAGED TO SALMON P. CHASE.

An Authoress and a Daughter of an Officer
of the Revolution, Wandering from
Place to Place in Quest of Bread.

A recent letter from Olean, N. Y.,
to the *Philadelphia Press* tells the fol-
lowing story:

While in New York the other day
your correspondent noticed a gray-
haired woman begging at the foot of
the steps leading to the Fourteenth
street station of the Sixth avenue
elevated road. A gentleman who was
with me said that the woman's name
was Lucy E. Maclem, and that she
was a person of literary tendencies.

Residents of this place recognize in
the name a singular and unhappy wom-
an well known here, whose strange
actions have caused much comment.
Her mania for bustles is a prominent
characteristic of her wardrobe. In
summer and winter alike she wore a
dark calico dress, with a long full
skirt and a waist of a style in vogue
twenty or twenty-five years ago. She
is tall and in other days doubtless
graceful.

She was the daughter of Captain
Maclem, who served in the Revolution-
ary war, and who afterward moved
with his family to Ohio, and from there
to Springfield, Erie county, in this
State. Lucy Maclem and her sister
Sara moved from there about twenty-
five years ago to this place. When the
two girls were young Lucy was a great
belle, was very pretty, talented and
gay, and her admirers were many.

She wrote poetry of some merit, as the
pages of *Graham, Godey* and the
Knickerbocker testified. One of her
best pieces was a satire on a school-
master, who in some manner had given
her offense. It had a great run in the
newspapers of that day. She had a
wide correspondence with men of
letters and, among others, with Mr.
Longfellow.

She became acquainted with the late
Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase in the
bloom of her youth, and the friendship
established terminated in an engage-
ment of marriage. Correspondence
continued between the two for some
time, when suddenly the letters ceased.

The reason of this Lucy would never
disclose, but it was not very long after
this that her friends noticed that her
actions were very strange. She mani-
fested more and more crazy impulses,
until finally she became hopelessly in-
sane. For twenty years she has wander-
ed aimlessly, dependent upon the
charity of her sister Sara.

Some of Lucy's habits are very
singular. For years she haunted the
banks of this city, continually inquiring
for remittances that never came. Fi-
nally she gave this up and took to bor-
rowing, or trying to borrow, small
sums of money. Her usual manner
was to enter a store when the prop-
rietor was most busily engaged,
apologize for her intrusion in a lady-
like manner and ask for the loan of
from twenty-five cents to \$2. Never
more than that and never less. A re-
fusal had no effect, as she would re-
turn next day with an apology and a
similar request. She has frequently
been to New York and several years
ago she went to Washington to see
certain members of Congress about a
subsidy which she claimed she was en-
titled to as an authoress. It is a
mystery how she obtained money for
all her travels. Some say she did not
use any money at all, but trusted to the
gallantry of conductors not to put
her off their trains between the sta-
tions, and when she had gone as far
as possible on one train she would
patiently await the arrival of the next.

Some of her vagaries are shown by
an incident that happened here five or
six years ago. Theodore Tilton was to
lecture one evening, and she took her
stand at the foot of the stairs awaiting
his coming. When he appeared, in
company with several men, she went
toward him, touched him on the shoul-
der and said:

"Mr. Tilton, I want you to pay me
the money you owe me."

Tilton was so astonished that for
some time he was unable to say any-
thing, but at length asked her for what
he was indebted to her.

"You have been using my lecture
long enough," she replied, "and now
I want you to pay me for it."

New York's Most Interesting Widow.

The most interesting widow in
America is Mrs. Hemersly, says a
metropolitan letter writer. She is tall,
erect and singularly impressive in
bearing. Her carriage can be no bet-
ter described than to say it is that of a
West Point military man, softened by
reproduction in the other sex. That
is to say, she was a happy medium be-
tween stiff dignity and pliant grace.
She had a very pretty, if not abeauti-
ful, face, but it was her high breed-
ing that distinguished her above all others
of equal comeliness. She might have
been the aristocratic heroine stepped
out from a conventional society
novel. She is the daughter of Com-
modore Price, of the United States navy.
She is in rearing and character all that
her demeanor promises, and a widow
at thirty, with \$5,000,000.

Japanese Dwarf Trees.

The dwarf trees are often planted in
bronze vases, with huge peonies and
grotesque rock-work for the decoration
of a room. One of the ancient em-
perors is said to have carried a little
old pine tree about with him in his
carriage when he traveled. They and
the factitious scenery of the gardens
furnish the subjects of the Japanese
landscape artists, who, like the Chinese,
seldom go to nature directly. Most of
the curious and unnatural forms that
we see on Japanese ware and screens
and so forth are the inventions of the
gardeners, and not of their brother
artists who work with brush or chisel.

There are three women at Somerset,
Ky., who are mothers of fifty children.

WISE WORDS.

The untruthful man makes a poor
companion and a worse friend.

Never despair of finding a lady in a
cabin or too confident of finding one in
a mansion.

Harsh words have frequently
alienated a child's feelings and crushed
out all love of home.

If you count the sunny and cloudy
days of the whole year you will find
that the sunshine predominates.

How people deceive themselves
when they think those around them
do not know their real characters.

Habit is almost as strong as prin-
ciple, and sometimes, when we are beset
by a multiplicity of cares, may a t in
its stead. Be careful, then, that your
habits are of the very best.

The rich depend on the poor, as well
as the poor on the rich. The world is
but a magnificent building; all the
stones gradually cement together. No
one subsists by himself alone.

As in walking it is your greatest
care not to run your foot upon a nail,
or to tread awry and strain your leg;
so let it be in all the affairs of human
life, not to hurt your mind or offend
your judgment. And this rule, if
carefully observed in all your depart-
ment, will be a mighty security to you
in your undertakings.

The most agreeable of all compan-
ions is a simple, frank man, without
any high pretensions to an oppre-
ssive greatness; one who loves life and
understands the use of it; obliging, alike
at all hours, above all of a golden
temper, and steadfast as an anchor.

For such a one we gladly exchange
the greatest genius, the most brilliant
wit, the profoundest thinker.

The Sultan's Harem.

A Turkish gentleman who recently
arrived in New York, and who is the
son of N. de Castro Bey, private coun-
sel to the sultan, told a reporter some
interesting things about the harem of
the son of the sun. The first question
asked by the reporter was suggested
by a habit which is by no means con-
fined to American ladies, but is uni-
versal throughout the feminine world.
He wanted to know if the ladies of
the harem flirted, to which Mr. de
Castro replied:

"No; they can't. Like all other
women, however, they would like to."

"Why can't they?"

"Their religion compels them to
hide their face whenever they meet a
man. If they happen to be met with-
out a veil they will gather up one of
their skirts and throw it over their
heads."

"Where does the sultan obtain his
wives?"

"From Circassia and a certain part
of Asia. These countries are noted
for the beauty of their women, and the
sultan has emissaries stationed there to
make selections and importations. The
governments of these countries offer
send portly young women to the sultan
as presents to obtain his good will and
favor."

"Are the women blondes or brun-
nettes?"

"Do they ever bleach their hair?"

"Oh, yes. Blondes are so scarce
that they are in great demand, and the
women use a plant for turning their
hair yellow."

"What is the color of their eyes?"

"Black as jet and as bright as dia-
monds."

"Are they petite or large?"

"Small of stature, but very plump.
When young they are really the hand-
somest women in the world, but they
don't last a great while."

"They fade, do they?"

"Yes. Their lives are so luxurious
that they decline from want of health-
ful exercise."

"What do they do?"

"Sit on low divans under bright
canopies and smoke cigarettes and
drink strong coffee."

"How do they dress?"

"In loose, bright garments. They
dress in the Turkish style, but are
adopting the European fashions as
much as possible. The sultan has
often issued decrees against the adop-
tion of European tastes, but the women
don't care about the dress nowadays,
and when on the street many of them
wear high French heels and bustles.

They always wear white muslin veils,
however, which add much to the se-
ductiveness of their general appear-
ance."

"How do the ladies wear their fin-
ger nails?"

"They bleach them red, and have
them cut short. The nails are short, I
suppose, because they are afraid their
tempers might get the better of them,"
and Mr. de Castro stroked his must-
ache and laughed heartily.

A Busy Man.

Mr. Blinn has been coming in late
for several nights and reporting to his
wife that he was busy until midnight.

Her suspicions were aroused, however,
and she

Different Views of Mormonism.

Mr. Phil Robinson, who is known as a clever humorist rather than as a historian, was sent to Utah some time ago by the New York World, commissioned it is said, to write up "the bright side" of life among the Mormons. He attended so faithfully to these instructions that the reader of his letters, afterwards published in a volume entitled "Sinners and Saints," would be likely to think that there was no other side than a bright side to Mormon life. Mr. Robinson was handsomely entertained by Mormon elders during his three months' stay in the Territory, and as he kept away from Gentile society he saw and heard little or nothing that was not pleasing. The thrift, purity and temperance of Mormon communities impressed him; he saw no drunkenness and no pauperism; and he found only happiness prevailing among the plural wives of the polygamists.

This is one view of Mormonism, obtained by a man who saw what he went to see, and who, during his short stay, was industriously "cultivated" by Mormon elders. On the contrary, Mrs. A. G. Paddock, in the Literary World of July 14, presents a view which, if not as roseate as Mr. Robinson's, at least rests on a somewhat ampler experience. Mrs. Paddock has been for twelve years a resident of Utah, but she has never been the guest of a Mormon apostle, for, she says, "my acquaintance with some of the Mormon leaders began at a time when their henchmen gave me the privilege of looking down the muzzles of the guns pointed at my windows." As to the statement there are no pauper Mormons, Mrs. Paddock thinks that Mr. Robinson should have interviewed some members of the benevolent societies connected with the various Christian churches in the Territory—societies that have their hands full caring for the sick, the aged, the destitute and the helpless who are brought there by Mormon missionaries and then left to shift for themselves. As to the temperate habits of the people, Mrs. Paddock points to the fact that the Mormons began distilling whisky from the second crop of grain raised in Utah, and that all over the Territory may be seen bottles of gin, whisky, etc., bearing the label, "Put up expressly for Zion's Co-operative Institution." Mr. Robinson found Mormon first wives who declared that they would not be happy until their husbands had taken other wives. Mrs. Paddock quotes the declarations of Mormon women, who say that they do not know what the word happiness means, who affirm that they would have drowned themselves long ago if love for their children had not prevented them, who describe Mormonism as a system without a redeeming feature. The reader can judge for himself which of these declarations is more consistent with woman's nature. Mr. Robinson thinks Mormonism promises much of the success, physically, which Plato dreamed of. Mrs. Paddock asks if he took note of the little graves that crowd each other in every Mormon cemetery.

If opportunities for accurate and protracted observation count for anything as establishing the credibility of a witness, assuredly Mrs. Paddock has had a better chance to see Mormonism as it really is than Mr. Robinson had during his three months' hob-nobbing with Mormon elders. There is something very curious, by the way, in the manner in which Democratic papers are warming towards the Mormons. The World sent out Mr. Robinson apparently for the express purpose of working up a favorable sentiment toward Utah polygamists. The Boston Post is publishing letters and editorial articles with the same intent. There is an instinctive and easily-understood sympathy between the Mormons and the Democracy, and it may be set down as a fact that under a Democratic administration and in a Democratic Congress there would be no great delay in admitting Utah, stained with this accursed system as she is, to the sisterhood of States.

PURE HOME MUSIC.
We are generally very careful what the little people say and how they behave at home, rightly feeling that the household forms society, and that home habits become, in most cases, life habits. In the home music, however, there is usually a lack of supervision that is seldom allowed in other things. True, some parents indolently leave the education of their children to teachers who "are paid to teach," even in the matter of the more important school studies. But the home music—why, who thinks of that, save as an unimportant matter to be taken up and laid aside at pleasure? Who recognizes its influence in the home circle or sees the need of its careful selection? Especially should we guard against the singing of coarse songs, at home or elsewhere. As one of the boys goes through the house singing in boisterous tones some of the roughest though perhaps not immoral street ballads, why does not the mother call out pleasantly: "I wouldn't sing songs like that. Can't you find something pleasanter for the rest of us?" A few such cheeks gently given, will soon turn the house singing into a better strain. Boys, and sometimes even girls, have a peculiar "disease incident to childhood," which is simply talking and laughing and singing in a coarse, "rowdy" tone. More of this than we sometimes realize comes from the unchecked habit of singing the meaningless or really objectionable songs that are caught (some-

thing like the measles) among other children. Young people, like sponges, absorb readily, and, like sponges, need a frequent squeeze, an affectionate one, to free them from the unhealthy influences with which they come in constant contact outside the home circle. Let that circle, then, be pure in all its atmosphere, without the malaria of musical (?) rowdiness to taint the air. It certainly is encouraging to see how quickly children learn and love the good in everything, when it is brought familiarly to their notice. They must sing. Let them therefore be taught sweet songs. It is a delight to hear them, as they dress in the morning or in their play, singing not always hymns, by any means, but with these also cheery melodies and pure words, sometimes of the birds and flowers, or of innocent games (as in school-songs), or often of the purest and best of all, the love of Jesus for his lambs. The influence of these will never be wholly obliterated, whatever may be the experience of later years.—*Musical Herald.*

A YOUNG OLD LADY.
"Yes, Sir, I'm Younger than any of my children now," said Mrs. Sarah M. Robinson, of 61 William St., New Haven, Conn.—We read about this kind of noble Ladies, but seldom see them in Society.
"Yes, Sir, I'm younger than any of my children now. I keep up with the times. I read the papers, applaud the victories of old Yale, and don't get old," were the words of Mrs. Robinson to your reporter when he called at her home. Mrs. Robinson is one of the earnest, go-ahead, sort of aged ladies, of whom you read, but whom you rarely find in modern society. "I've had my share of trouble," she said, "for all my life I've been a sufferer from dyspepsia. From this has resulted diseased stomach and inaction of the digestive organs. I've been troubled with dyspepsia, and have had such a weakness of the stomach as has seemed as if I needed something artificial and strengthening. I attribute this to my age, which is constitutional with me. I've been under the physician's care a great deal during my life, but I never received any permanent benefit. I think, until I began taking Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, which has proved a perfect restorative in my case. My health is better now than it has been for a long time. I consider Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY an excellent medicine. It is used extensively in this city. I keep it as a family medicine and rely upon it, for I know of the good results of using it."

Your reporter left Mrs. Robinson rejoicing in health and renewed vigor, and bestowing merited praise on that which is the source of happiness to thousands, viz.—Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. Ask your druggist for it. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY has become a household word. Everybody, sooner or later, gets sick, and sickness is both wearisome and costly. FAVORITE REMEDY steps in at this point. It is not expensive and is efficient. For all diseases of the blood, bilious disorders, kidney complaints, constipation, and the aches and ills which make the domestic life of women a cross so hard to bear.

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Town Clerk, Treasurer and Collector.—B. Delmont Locke. Office at Town Hall. Office hours from 8 to 12; from 2 to 6. Open evenings, Wednesdays excepted.
School Committee.—Dr. Wm. A. Winn, Chairman; C. E. Goodwin, secretary; Timothy O'Leary, Henry Swan, William E. Wood, Rev. C. H. Watson, Rev. Matthew Harkins, A. Willard Damon, Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D.

Library Committee.—James P. Parmenter, John T. Trowbridge, Richard L. Hodgdon.
Water Commissioners.—Henry Mott, Samuel E. Kimball, Warren Rawson.
Water Registrar, B. Delmont Locke; Supt. of Works, Geo. W. Austin, office at Town Hall.
Superintendent of Streets, G. W. Austin.

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Charles Gott, Chief Engineer.
George A. Stearns, William Gibson, Assistants.
Meet last Saturday evening before last Monday in each month.

ARLINGTON 5 CT. SAV. BANK.
Albert Winn, President.
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Abel R. Proctor, Secretary.

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SOCIETIES.
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Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter. Meets in Masonic Hall, second Tuesday of each month. Charles H. Prentiss, H. P. Secretary, Joseph W. Whitaker. Treasurer, Wilson W. Fay.
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HIGHLAND HOUSE, NO. 2.
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WM. PENN. HOUSE NO. 3.
Foreman, Wm. O. Austin; 1st asst. Frank P. Winn; clerk, N. Whittier; treasurer, Warren A. Peirce; steward, Charles E. Bacon. Meet third Tuesday in each month.

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Lizzie J. Newton, Librarian.

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